NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

An American Girl Abroad.

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DEAR USHER: The Atlantic is pretty big as one begins to realize, when one spends ten days puffing, and steaming, and rolling over its

big surface; and yet with all its might and power you see it can't wipe out old friendship, for now that I am comfortably established over here, one of my first moments of leisure is devoted to saying tribute at the altar of this self-same tyrannical friendship.

Everybody says at once, "How do you like London?" Well, I think it's simply glorious to come and visit; and visit it one must, for you might go on reading books of travels and English novels into your full three score and ten, and still never form an adequate idea of this great foggy, dirty metropolis and its inmates. Of course, with the enquiring turn of mind for which my native country is proverbial, I've been going straight on, taking in everything from the magnificent turrets of Windsor down to Billingsgate and its fish, and you may be quite sure I visited the latter place under the escort of an American friend—an Englishman would throw up his hands in horror, match his hat, and escape from the contaminating influence of a young woman with such low sentiments as a desire to see Billingsgate. But you see I wish to be just as impartial as possible, and I don't want to be like an Englishman who came over with us after having spent six weeks in America, and couldn't find anything bad enough to say about the country, while upon cross-examination it was proved he hadn't even walked up Broadway (unanimous vote from the passengers, at this stage of the proceedings, to turn the ship around and take him back; the only obstacle was the captain who didn't appear to be complaisant). But good gracious! Here I am rambling on and talking everything and anything, but the one subject you particularly impressed on me to tell you about. But just glance at the bottom of this effusion, and you'll see my apology, which though in three words must speak for itself most eloquently before you speak harshly, "Stay, stay, for I am no man!" Like the "trim little craft," Phœbe, "I am a woman," and so surely I have the privilege of rambling on as much as I choose.

However, I'll try and recollect what I've been doing theatrically. One of the first things I went to see was Barrymore's play of Honor, but as luck would have it, Clayton was sick and couldn't play. Arthur Dacre acted his part at short notice, somebody else had to play his, and so altogether things were in a very much muddled condition. Of course under such circumstances it would be rather hard to pass judgment. I was pleased and surprised, however to see how much Mr. Dacre had improved both in appearance and in acting, since he played in New York. I think that was not quite two years ago, and then, if I remember rightly, his physique was very much of the beanpole order; but now, probably owing to the social effects of English stout, he has filled out very nicely, and is at present quite a fine looking man. But aside from all the others who were playing parts that didn't belong to them, and taking only the rest, I am obliged to say, first, having in duty bound laid aside all feelings of patriotism, so as to be perfectly unbiased, the performance did not compare with that of The Legion of Honor I saw at the Park Theatre last Winter. Only one little instance that struck me particularly, in the ball-room scene—the guests were all elegantly and tastefully attired, and entered and went through the ceremonies of introduction with a grace and ease that would have done credit to any lady in England.* Consequently one missed the very pronounced titter which usually hails the reception of stage nobility. [illegible] I went to the minstrels, [illegible] Colored. I'd never seen them before, and was agreeably surprised to find what a good entertainment they gave, and much as they amused me on the stage, they quite surpassed that by the account I received of their social exploits. They are quite the lions of the day here, and are overwhelmed with attentions from the other sex. I think it's only a short time since since one of them was married in church to a fair citizeness of London, and another who was particularly pointed out to me has a lengthy romance lingering around him, in which a titled dame plays an important part; you may look rather dubious, but I can assure you I saw the diamond ring and the sealskin coat. Only yesterday I saw one standing on a street corner, in the esthetically indifferent attitude of one "who despises female clay," while four admiring damozels were surrounding him with a very "mystic poet, hear our prayer" expression. Yes, as things go in London, I should have felt myself highly honored, when one of the gentlemen of color was brought to my box for an introduction, and I wish you could have seen the the supercilious air with which he regarded me, while every lineament seemed to inform me that I was neither a duchess nor a princess. I was not, therefore, much surprised when he informed me that he really liked London very much, although he *did* object to the climate.

I haven't yet made the round of the theatres, but of all I have seen, the prettiest one to my taste is the Haymarket. I think for ugly, dingy, dirty places of amusement, this city takes the palm. The greater part of them look as if they had been built before Columbus ever had a thought of taking his little cruise, and everybody had entertained so much respect for the architect that they had determined never to interfere with his work. Her Majesty's, for instance, is such big, dreary, gloomy looking place, that one involuntarily shivers and draws her wraps closer on entering. Drury Lane is just such another, with the additional charm of standing very much in need of the application of a broom and scrubbing brush. The Savoy Theatre, over which everybody here is going in ecstacies, could not be mentioned in the same breath with any of our pretty New York theatres; the proscenium arch and the curtain are very handsome, and there praise ends, to my mind; and while I sat in there looking at the endless variety of shades of olive red and blue in the upholstery, I wondered to myself why Carte didn't go right through the prismatic scale and be done with it. But that is just where I found the difference in the Haymarket, and what pleased me so much is that everything is bright, cheerful and in perfect harmony. Then that greatest of abominations, the pit, is done away with, so that a lady who is in a private box does not have the detestable view before her of a lot of rough-looking men sitting with their hats on, and making frequent and vigorous attacks on the bundles of bread and cheese which generally protrude from their pockets.

I saw Mrs. Siddons in As You Like It at the Haymarket. She had rather a damper thrown on her engagement by her unfortunate opening in Queen and Cardinal. That I did not see, and in consequence have received numerous congratulations from my less fortunate acquaintances. But I think our fair friend quite redeemed herself in her portrayal of Shakespeare's most charming heroine; she has had very fine notices from all the critics, and took the trouble to surround herself with a good company, for which she certainly deserved our thanks. The Touchstone was Percy Compton, who visited our shores on the occasion of that long-to-be-remembered visit of Bandmann's. Since then he has been making a good position for himself in his own country.

I think almost the first genuine pang of homesickness I had was in the Savoy Theatre, as the first notes of the overture sounded. I remembered how, just about three weeks ago, on the night before I sailed, I had listened to those same strains in the dear little Standard, with such a pleasant party of friends, and for the moment even the gorgeous curtain of amber quilted satin looked rather dim, but as that vanished I soon forgot all other feelings in my contemplation of the twenty love-sick maidens, and busied myself in making the usual odious comparisons. The scenery is very pretty, but I don't think quite equal to that of the Standard. George Grossmith, who plays Bunthorne, is a capital actor and a great favorite here, but he is prone to burlesque the part somewhat, and is entirely wanting in that delicacy and finish which always characterizes Ryley's impersonations. The rest of the men are all very much inferior to their counterparts in New York. Miss Barnet, the Lady Jane, is familiar to all New Yorkers, who, I'm sure, remember her as the piratical Ruth; however, Miss Roche is as good, if not better; but I do think Miss Bond and Miss Gwynne, as the Ladys Angela and Saphir, are particularly good; some of their æsthetic attitudes are ridiculous in the extreme. And when it comes to Patience herself, Carrie Burton is so far superior to Miss Braham that comparison stops quite short. So, taken as a whole, I think everybody will agree that much better justice is done to Gilbert's work in America than in his own land; anyway I haven't yet found a dissenting voice to that sentiment among all those who have seen the satire in both countries. Youth, at Drury Lane, does not appear to have continued as big a boom as it started in to be. For my part, I was disappointed in it. I don't think it nearly so good as The World in any way. It does not afford the same opportunity for spectacular effect, and, although the latter play never laid much claim to literary merit, it must be confessed that even in this it's ahead of Youth. There are two great acts in the play, but when one recollects that altogether there are eight tableaux, of which these two are the sixth and seventh, it is a question whether that is not rather a long time to wait. Of course the stage of the Drury Lane is perfectly adapted to scenic display, and the departure of the troopship and the defence of Hunter's Point have their complete effect. But I don't quite see how that same effectiveness can be obtained on a stage with dimensions as small as I understand Wallack's stage will have. Still I know the play will be much better produced there than here, for a couple of the scenes looked to me like very old stagers, although the sets in the first and last acts, representing the same scene in Summer and then Winter, were very handsome. As for the company—well, they were as good as the parts; the only two to be mentioned in particular was Rignold, who was a manly and vigorous Frank Darlington, and, needless to say, looked the part to perfection, and Harry Jackson, who gives a very clever portrayal of an Irishman.

I went the other day to the Gaiety to witness a morning performance of a new comedy, by Arthur Matthison, entitled A Thread of Silk, given principally for the critics and profession. Mr. Matthison is, I hear, very anxious to take his play to the States, and it has received very kind notices from the press here. It certainly contains some bright bits of dialogue and repartee, but perhaps the principal reason I didn't appreciate its excellence is that it's the usual satire on us poor half-civilized Americans, and represents the young ladies of the play, under the tuition of an American governess, firing off pistols in the drawing-room, while the hero, fresh from the wilds of New York, passes most of his time whittling the backs of the parlor chairs. I think one grows rather tired of seeing oneself as others see one, when the others happen to be our trans-atlantic cousins. Even in The Colonel, I felt like lying in wait for Coghlan at the back door, and asking him how many of his friends in New York talked with that twang, which, I'm quite ready to certify, I never heard off the stage. However, The Colonel is a most enjoyable play, and in the Thread of Silk, I had the pleasure of seeing several of the London favorites, Rose Leclerq, whom I think a very finished and pleasing actress, Robert Brough, Miss Coveney, and George Giddens, who did some very good acting.

I have seen too, the wonderful Alhambra ballet of which I've heard so much. Just at present the Alhambra is closed for repairs, but the Alhambra performance of The Bronze Horse is transfered bodily to Her Majesty's Theatre. I don't think any one who had witnessed one of the Kiralfy's productions would care to see that again.

So far, in my London theatrical experience, the most enjoyable evening of all has been passed in the Adelphi. It's Never Too Late to Mend is a splendid play of the melodramatic class; I don't know about other people, but I for one can enjoy a melodrama when it's good, every bit as much as I can any emotional society drama, the only trouble about them is the rarity of good ones. This is splendidly put on the stage, the scenery is remarkably well painted, especially in the first act where we are introduced to an English farm, with the poultry feeding, the ducks swimming in the pond, and the dog lying by his kennel. They have a capital company, each one perfect in his line. One of the best bits of character acting I've ever seen was Mr. Irish as Crawley, the gentleman with a weakness for the cup that cheers; Clara Jacks too, did some good acting as Josephs. When I come too Warner himself, I must stop and yield the palm entire to London. In all America we certainly have no Charles Warner. He possesses everything to qualify him for that line of part, a strong, rich voice, magnificent physique, and such a fund of magnetism that from the moment he steps on the stage his audience are quite at his mercy; they laugh or weep just as he may choose. And then his powers are so varied, and in Tom Robinson, he has ample scope for them; his comedy is charming, perfectly irresistible, and withal so completely natural that one is more than astonished to see that he is equally good in the heavy portions.

So far I've seen some fine actors, but haven't witnessed anything to speak of in the female line, but when I say that everyone answers, "Ah, you haven't seen Miss Terry and Mrs. Kendall." The latter part of it can be remedied, for I'm going to-morrow to see Mrs. Kendall, but Irving has not yet opened the Lyceum. But as far as I've seen, I think, we Americans can hold up our heads, and, indeed, crow over our English friends as far as the drama is concerned. In fact, to thoroughly appreciate Columbia, one needs to come over here for a little while. I grow more genuinely American every day—that reminds me to speak of Mr. Calverly, who you know, has come over to wake up the Londoners with a live theatrical newspaper, run by an American on THE MIRROR plan. I spent an hour in his office yesterday chatting very pleasantly with him; he's hard at work on his *Dramatic Times*, and will, I hope, make success of it. I know he has my best wishes, as all my countrymen have. While, I'm praising people I must stop to say just one kind word for the American Exchange, which is so convenient and so cosy, and where Mr. Gillig and every one connected with it are so kind and so obliging, and where, best of all, one is constantly having a fresh surprise in the shape of some friend from home—I've met so many there.

You see I've kept my promise, and given you my own impressions entirely. Remember I'm not one of that dreaded and dreadful band, the critics; I only tell you how things in London appear to

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

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"Lots of Room at the Top."

While Christmas bells their glee chimes rung,
While in the choirs were anthems rung,
(In churches with green tapers lighted,
'mid shrines where wedding vows are plighted),
Our Christmas tree with treasures hung,
Bent down its fairly joyous weight,
As merry greetings from each tongue,
Proclaimed the holiday of the state—
There came a childish voice so clear,
Caroling these words within my ear;
"Please, ma'am I want to hang my present!"
('Twas a tiny ship marked "Royal Crescent.")
"I've whittled out for Brother Ted,
"(The crippled one)—you know you said,
"He looked to be a gentle lad,
"And scholar best you ever had"
Next with a flush of boyish pride,
He held the toy aloft and tried,
To find an empty branch, then spied,
One vacant spot and cried,
"'Tis at the top; beside that baby's broom,
"For at the top there's always lots of room!"

—ANNIE WAKEMAN.

* A SCENE FROM THE NEW COMEDY

Matches!

BY FANNIE AYMAR MATHEWS.

Act I, Scene 2.

Scene—Library at Thornycroft. Time—morning.

Dramatis Personæ.

ADRIAN ATHERLEIGH, Mrs. Atherleigh's husband.

TOM CHECKS, his step-son.

(*Enter Tom and Adrian arm-in-arm.*)

ADRIAN. I tell you, old fellow, I've made a mess of myself, my life, my everything. It seems absurd to be talking in this way to the son of the woman I have married, but, old boy, we were children together, and—

TOM. If I had been at home this thing never would have happened! The idea of my mother's marrying not two years after my poor father's death, in fact, without actually knowing how or where he died, save that it occurred in India during the prevalence of the jungle fever. And then for her to have married a man young enough to be her son. Adrian, Adrian, what in the name of common-sense possessed you?

ADRIAN (*meekly.*) My creditors. I had run through everything; I was mad, penniless, and Mrs. Chec—, I mean your moth—, I mean my wife—Mrs. Atherleigh, in short—appeared to—to like me, you know, and—I

TOM. I see, I see. While I was across the channel amusing myself, my mother was amusing herself at home. (*Sits.*)

ADRIAN. Yes, I suppose so; I hope so; I hope she finds it amusing. I'm sure I hope so. (*Sits.*)

TOM. Well, there's nothing to be done, I presume, but——

ADRIAN. Grin and bear it. I say, Tom, it's an infernal shame to be talking to you in this way, but you know in the old college days I used to confide everything to you, and it seems so natural to do it now.

TOM. That's all right; I'm your son. You know you couldn't have a better confidante.

ADRIAN. You're a trump, old fellow! I—I say now, Tom, we're the same age, aren't we? Twenty seven?

TOM. Yes, I believe I've the advantage of you, father, by a month or two.

ADRIAN. (*Hesitates.*) Well, Tom, I say, you wouldn't you know—er—like it, if you had your mother—I mean some one just like your mother; her age and peculiarities, and—er—appearance for a wife, now would you?

TOM. (*Rises.*) No, by George! but hang it, how could you have been such a confounded ass?

ADRIAN. (*Rises.*) I've told you; I was reduced to beggary, and she was so kind, so motherly—er—sisterly, I mean; all that sort of thing; and, by George, I don't know—a man gets into that sort of thing, and, confound it, he can't for the life of him tell exactly how it happened! (*Mournfully.*) But it did happen.

TOM. Bear up, old fellow—er—I am awfully fond of my mother, you know; she dotes upon me, too; after you, of course—but her time of life—course of nature, and all that, you know—cheer up!

ADRIAN. Ah-h! She told me only this morning that her people were very long-lived—that her father lived to be ninety nine and three-quarters—and—supposing she should? (*Sits.*)

TOM. Well, I—I—you see, Adrian, it's rather ticklish for me. I—I sympathize with you, indeed I do. I hardly know what to say; it might be worse. (*Sits.*)

ADRIAN. It is "worse!" (*Rises.*) I—I—Tom she is lovely—so beautiful, so confiding, so——

TOM. Lovely, beautiful, confiding! My mother? (*Aside*) he is going mad!

ADRIAN. Yes. Oh, Tom, I never forsaw this calamity—no, joy, I mean. When I led Mrs. Checks to the altar, I never supposed that I should love——

TOM. Then you do not love her?

ADRIAN. (*Pacing floor.*) With all my soul, ardently, madly, passionately!

TOM. Well, then, you have her; what more do you want? (*Aside.*) "Madly"—queer taste!

ADRIAN. "Have her?" what are you talking about? I haven't her, I never shall have her! I am a wrecked, desperate, married man! (*Sits.*)

TOM. Adrian, of whom, in the name of all the gods, are you talking about?

ADRIAN. My neighbor.

TOM. What neighbor?

ADRIAN. (*Pointing.*) The left-hand one—Edith Stanley. You don't know her? Oh, Tom, I love her; it's the only commandment I ever obeyed, Tom—"Love thy neighbor as thyself." I love her better than myself, and she—she? (*Rises*), I think she loves me in return.

TOM. (*Amazed.*) How in the world have you contrived to fall in love with anyone here?

ADRIAN. Oh, not here—not here; I walk about alone, you see; Mrs. Chec—your moth—I mean, my wife—is afraid of the damp and the rheumatism, so I've walked out a bit now and then by myself. Tom (*sits*), I'll tell you all—I'll make a clean breast of it—I'll treat you as a—a—

TOM. (*Sits.*) A son would his—at least, a father would his son; go on.

ADRIAN. One day, a month since, almost immediately after Mrs. Chec—your moth—I mean my wife—had brought me to Thornycroft, I was sauntering through a field, smoking. Suddenly I heard a faint scream. I glanced hastily around. A wild bull was tearing across the adjoining meadow, and a lovely angel was—tearing across that meadow, too. I leaped the wall, caught her in my arms, and soon had her over in safety, out of reach of the infuriated beast. She had fainted. I didn't know precisely what to do with her. There was neither camphor, brandy, nor water at hand—so—I just—er—you know—er—well, acted like a near relation, and—er—

TOM. How? What?

ADRIAN. Why, kissed her and coaxed her, you know, and—

TOM. (*Rises.*) Whew-w!

ADRIAN. (*Apologetically.*) Couldn't think of anything else to do. Pretty soon she opened her eyes—and, oh, Tom! I don't know how it was, but I loved her at once. We've met almost every day since, and—

TOM. Adrian, this will never do—remember you are my mother's husband.

ADRIAN. I know it; I am perfectly sure of it; I can't forget it—wish I could. But, Tom (*in whisper*), there's more!

TOM. More?

ADRIAN. (*Sits dejectedly.*) Yes.

TOM. Well, go on, sir.

ADRIAN. Tom, she—she thinks that *I* am *you*!

TOM. (*Pacing stage.*) That *you* are *me*? Explain yourself, sir, if you please.

ADRIAN. I will—I will. Don't be hard on a fellow, Tom; it wasn't my fault, exactly. You see, while I was supporting her pretty head on my—er—shoulder, and saying all the—the medicinal restoring things I could think of, she looked up shyly, and said, "You are a neighbor of ours, I believe. This is Mrs. Check's, is it not?—Mr. Tom Checks, Mrs. Atherleigh's son?" Tom, I—I—couldn't help it! I had not the moral courage to tell her that I was myself! I owned to the soft impeachment of being a Checks! and she always calls me so—

TOM. (*Sits.*) Well, I must say, Adrian, that you have gotten yourself into a nice fix!

ADRIAN. (*Anxiously.*) Tom, if you meet her around anywhere, won't you please say that I'm your brother? or—or—

TOM. (*Rising.*) Adrian, this is the worst sort of folly! Put it out of your head! You can't marry the girl! You must not love her! You—

ADRIAN. "*Must*?" My dear, dear—

TOM. Son.

ADRIAN. Yes, son; this language is most unfilial; beside, "must" is a word not to be used in connection with love. Love? I worship Edith Stanley!

TOM. What are you going to do about it? Be practical.

ADRIAN. I am "practical," horribly practical; I'm married.

TOM. Your own fault.

ADRIAN. (*Wildly.*) Perhaps. But I am losing my senses! Going mad, shut up here with nobody but Mrs. Chec—your mother, I mean—my wife. A man's wife is motionless sometimes, Tom. I—I have sent up to town for a few pounds, and I'll try to—to—

TOM. Bind up your lacerated heart, eh? Whom have you asked?

ADRIAN. Oh, awfully nice lively people; I hope your mother will like them. I hope so; they are the associates of my bachelor days, and may help me to forget that I am your mother's husband; to banish that lovely image as I first beheld it—

TOM. My mother's image.

ADRIAN. No, Edith's; fleeing before an infuriated bovine! Ah, Tom, from that first fatal, pastoral, restorative, rescuing moment, I adored her!

Saalfield has published a ballad called My Love That's Coming Home to Me; words and music by Fred Lyster. For several reasons personal to ourselves we shall leave its merits to be decided by others, although we think it very pretty, of course.

A Ghostly Experience.

BY JOHN M'CULLOUGH.

An actor's experiences are varied, and oftentimes his adventures are of an extremely ludicrous nature. When I was playing an engagement a good many years ago in a small town not many miles from New York, an incident happened, which was, to say the least, embarrassing to me, and at the same time turned a tragedy into a roaring farce. Our company arrived early one Winter's day, in the place to which I refer, and found that everything indicated a large house for the evening. The play to be given was Hamlet, and we were congratulating ourselves that everything was ready for the performance.

I was seated in my room when our manager entered with amazement depicted upon his countenance. He hurriedly drew up a chair and sat down. I immediately inquired: "What is the matter?"

"Matter enough," was the reply. "Why, sir, the Ghost has been suddenly taken ill."

To the unmitiated this answer might perhaps have been surprising, but the meaning of the apparently strange words was, that the actor who played Hamlet's part was not able to appear.

Usually there was some one in our company who had "understudied" the lines of each character, in case any accident should incapacitate an actor from appearing, but in this instance we had left the majority of our company in a large city near by, in which we were to spend a week, and had visited this smaller town for one night, so had not considered it necessary to bring in my whole company, but only carried with us the members necessary to produce the play in an acceptable manner.

The manager consulted some time with me, and we found that there was not a train arriving from the city where the balance of our company was until late at night.

The situation was critical, but we finally solved the enigma by engaging a young amateur who resided in the town, and who claimed to be familiar with the Ghost's lines, to play the part.

The curtain rang up at night upon a large audience. Every nook and corner of the theatre was crowded, and we were compelled to stop the sale of tickets at an early hour. The audience was very enthusiastic, and liberally applauded every point. I was delighted at the smoothness of the play, for everything seemed working satisfactorily; and at the passage where Hamlet sees for the first time his father's Ghost, I was surprised at the competency of the young amateur who was saving the play for us that evening. But I noticed a queer utterance on the part of the Ghost from the first, and when he read the lines, just before making his exit in the first act, which reads:

"Fare thee well at once;
The glow worm shows the matin to be near,"
etc., etc.,

they sounded much like this:

"Fare ze'll atonce (hic).
Glow worm * * * * matins near (hic)."

And I was forced to reach the conclusion that my father's Ghost was intoxicated. I visited the young amateur as soon as possible, and saw that my fears were realized. I remonstrated with him, and finally by dint of much cold water and labor succeeded in getting the young man comparatively sober. With fear and trembling on my part the play proceeded until the third act. The stormy scene between Hamlet and his mother was progressing, and the audience was watching the play with bated breath.

At last, the time for the Ghost's entrance came, and with fear and trembling we waited. Could it be possible that the fellow was too drunk to come on and say his lines?

Seconds seemed hours to me, and I was just about signaling the stage manager to ring down the curtain when the Ghost stalked on the stage.

I immediately commenced my lines: "A king of shreds and patches;" and when it came the Ghost's turn to say, "Do not forget; this visitation is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose," lo and behold, the Ghost said not a word. Loudly I whispered him his lines; he paid no attention, but with stately step walked down to the footlights, and with stentorian voice remarked, "Don't you forget it! I am sleepy, and I want to go home." At the same time his ghostship carefully took off his sword and armor, and quietly laid him down upon the stage and went to sleep.

The audience for a second was dumbfounded, and then a roar of laughter surged through the house. The curtain was rung down, and an apology offered, but the play ended for that evening, and the audience rapidly dispersed, while the street gamins shouted: "I'm sleepy, and want to go home!"

The Pulpit and the Stage.

BY WILBUR F. WATKINS, D. D.

There can be no solution of the problem, "What shall be done to bring about a better understanding between the pulpit and the stage," without the joint action of both parties.

It has been too commonly assumed that the fault of the existing ill feeling is with the clergy, and that all the concession must come from their side.

Of course there is a very great and dense amount of ignorance and resulting prejudice among many Christian ministers on the subject of the theatre and its influence. They reason from insufficient data, and take a conventional, not to say a professional view of the matter. Certainly the average clerical sentiment as to the harmfulness of dramatic representations is not shared by a majority of the laity.

The great mass of church members—especially the younger and more cultivated portion—do not believe, and cannot be convinced, that theatre-going is morally destructive. *They know better.* And the clergy might as well recognize the fact that indiscriminate abuse of the dramatic art and profession tends to the confounding of moral distinctions; and consequently to the weakening of their hold upon the minds and consciences of their hearers. But if the pulpit is required to take a fairer, broader view—one more accordant with facts—less dictated by tradition, and which will command the respectful attention of thoughtful people, the question may be asked on the other hand: Have not the members of the dramatic profession a duty to perform in order that there may be an "eirenicon" between the pulpit and the stage? Is there no prejudice and hostility on that side which need be dispelled and overcome? Why is it that actors and actresses so seldom enter a place of worship? Why is it that they seem to feel under no obligation to keep holy God's sacred day? Why is it that with so few exceptions they decline to hear "the good news of God," if they do not actually scoff at the message and deride the messenger?

These are questions which one who wishes to "honor all men," and to take a frank, fair view of a confessedly difficult subject, may venture to ask.

If we are to come together with any sort of good feeling and learn to respect one another, then, as was once quaintly said, "all the reciprocity must not be on one side."

HOLY TRINITY RECTORY,
Madison Ave., New York.

A Christmas in Rome.

BY ITALO CAMPANINI.

The tuneful clang of a thousand bells rang out their welcome to my first Christmas day in Rome. I was standing at the window of my room in the Hotel de Rome, looking out upon the brilliantly decorated Corso, which presented a peculiarly attractive aspect. Crowds of people were hurrying to and fro; they were representatives of all nationalities—Englishmen of stiff, stern aspect; Americans with alert business-like air, Italians, Greeks, and here and there I caught the gleam of a brilliant uniform of one of the soldiers of the Swiss guard. On all sides was heard the greeting: *Buono festa! Buono pasqua!*" and everything was gaiety and merriment. During the morning I attended High Mass, celebrated by Pio Nono, at San Pietro. The spacious church was crowded with people, who were breathlessly listening to the soft tones of an organ, and the magnificent swell and ebb of sound from the choir.

At the elevation of the Host the Swiss Guards, who lined the nave, dropped to their knees—the vast crowd bent in worship—and through the quiet sounded out the musical voice of the Pope, as he blessed the children of the Church of Rome.

Hardly had I returned to my room, when I was besieged by a throng of servants and lackeys belonging to my friends, who came to wish me a "Merrie Christmas." This expression of good will is called forth by the hope of the visited ones offering a small sum of money as a "gift," and as it is always the custom to do so, the practice is a remunerative one—to the callers. All day long the feasting, laughter and sight-seeing was continued, and when night fell upon the Corso, lights, fireworks and numerous bonfires vied with the departed day for a few short hours. All the evening the booths were gaily illuminated with rows of candles, and the curious three-nicked brass lamps found only at Rome. At intervals, painted posts were set into the pavement with a dish of grease and a piece of tow for a wick which flared and flared about. The numberless torches carried by boys lent a dancing picturesqueness to the scene. The booths were covered with gaily painted canvass, and we could find for sale at these places quantities of cheap modern figures and playthings to present to some juvenile friend. All night long were the festivities continued until the day broke when the Christmas time was over, and the tired revelers turned to their daily avocations.

A Roman Christmas seems to me like stepping back into the dead past. The ghost of history haunts the city. I never drive out of the old Nomentan Gate without remembering the ghostly flight of Nero. I never drive by the Cæsar's palaces without recalling the days when their great family was a power in Rome. As the very air seems to keep a sort of spiritual scent or trail of the old days and deeds, it seems as if a Christmas day spent in Rome brought me back to the time when the three wise men saw the star in the East and arose and followed it to where the young child lay.

A Ride on a Mail Wagon.

BY AUGUSTA ROCHE.

It was at Christmas time, the Winter of 1880, I was a member of a traveling company, and we were touring in Scotland with the Pirates of Penzance. After a very successful month's engagement at Edinburgh we started from the Waverly Station about 7 o'clock on a bitter cold Sunday evening, bound for York by the night mail. Our departure was rendered memorable by the fact of about four hundred students coming to give us all a parting cheer and joyously to shout *bon voyage.*

The journey to York was without incident, and attended by all the discomforts of English railway traveling, icy cold carriages, boiling hot foot warmers (quite useless for the purpose intended), altogether a disagreeable rushing, dashing, jolting journey; my time was divided in vain attempts at retaining my seat, and in preventing my little girl from being hurled to the floor of the carriage.

At 2 A. M. we arrived at York, and there presented itself the cheering picture of a large slumbering city covered with a pure white mantle, the snow falling in heavy clouds, and a bitter Northeast wind blowing sufficient to freeze the marrow in one's bones; a hopeless confusion of luggage, which fortunate Americans can have no notion of (unless they have traveled in England); finally, a party of forty-five shivering mortals standing outside the depot with all their impedimenta, and not a conveyance of any kind to take them to their various destinations. As for myself, I and my "wee bairnie" had to go some mile-and-a-half to the rooms I had engaged, but how was it to be done? With about two feet of snow under foot, and any quantity falling overhead, walking was impossible, and riding then appeared equally so. But look! What is that?—a solitary cab slowly driving into the station-yard. A faint hope glowed through my veins, and I had cheering visions of a speedy deliverance from a night in an ice-well; but alas! my hopes were rudely dispelled. A certain member of the company, who, like many other Britishers, had been to study in Italy, returning with an impaired voice, but with a much greater opinion of himself than anybody else ever had, claimed to having ordered the only vehicle obtainable, and, not withstanding all entreaties, refused even to give myself and child a ride as far as our lodgings (which were close to his); he packed himself and his boxes in, and drove off in triumph.

The station master, evidently a *man* and a *father*, openly expressed his disgust at the rudeness of the Anglo Italian vocalist, and compassionately offered me a seat by a huge fire in his room while he found me a conveyance of some sort. At length he came to me with an amused look on his face and suggested the only available means of locomotion, which was a seat *outside* the mail-cart, and my baggage (lucky chattels!) *inside.* Well, what was I to do? stay in the depot all night? No; *inside* went the boxes and *out side* went mamma and baby, after thanking my friend for his kindness and courtesy. Jolt, jolt, smack, smack, rattle, rattle, until we arrived at Peter's Gate, when more troubles arose. None of the houses were numbered, and all the inmates were peacefully slumbering. Knocking at the doors had not the slightest effect, and I appeared doomed to welcome the dawn in the snow, when we heard a voice from the skies—no, I mean a window—and received the blessed intelligence that we were safe at last. We managed, with the help of a good fire, some hot soup, and *something besides*, to untreeze ourselves, and then retired to forget our adventures in a well earned repose, but it will take a long time to efface from *my* memory "a ride on a mail-wagon in a snow-storm."

Mayor Grace Chats About the Theatres.

I have not paid much attention to dramatic affairs lately, owing to a multiplicity of business duties, but still I have been, and always will be, much interested in the success of the American stage. Therefore the remarks I have been asked to make upon the subject will be rather superficial.

The burning of the Vienna Ring Theatre has called up the question of the safety of New York amusement resorts. The law is that every manager shall have printed upon the programme he uses, diagrams of the means of exit in case of fire, but it seems to me that such diagrams are hardly enough to protect the amusement seekers. In the first place, a stranger who is not an architect must find some difficulty in reading the diagram aright; again, as far as I can learn, a majority of the exits are virtually impracticable, as they are heavily barred and bolted to prevent intrusion, and therefore in the excitement of a fire are difficult to find, and when found are still more difficult to open for egress.

I would recommend the press (which is the great power in this country) to take the matter up for discussion. If all the city papers would advocate the appointment of an examining committee of gentlemen, well versed in theatrical matters, and at the same time competent to judge between the various architectural ideas, to closely look into the question, and upon arriving at a decision, an easy remedy could be applied, by placing the matter before the Legislature, who would pass a law which would satisfactorily deal with the question.

Regarding the morality of the American drama, so far as the plays represented are concerned, their tendency is good. The drama reaches all classes of individuals; not only does it appeal to people who are churchgoers, but to the intermediate classes, as well as the lower classes. The average American citizen is above the intelligence of his Continental brother, and quickly sees a good or a bad point in a dramatic production. Take, for instance, a noble, self-sacrificing sentiment uttered by an actor upon the stage. The gallery, where the poorer classes are, usually applaud first and last. From such premises I deduct the conclusion that the stage, rightly used, is a power for good.

I think that the public demand good plays, and so there is really no need of a dramatic censorship in America such as there is in England. The people in this country are their own dramatic censors.

While I support legitimate theatres, I am not in favor of certain low variety theatres. There are two thoroughly good variety places in this city, which maintain a performance of perfect respectability. But the majority of the others are a nuisance, and an unnecessary evil. They teach nothing, and are devoted solely to trash and immorality.

Remember, I am speaking, not from an exhaustive knowledge of the subject in hand, but merely from an average theatre-goer's standpoint.

The Gruff Commander.

General W. T. Sherman is probably more frequently seen at the theatres and places of amusement at the National Capital than any other of the notable officials of the Government, and he is often one of the number present at suppers or receptions tendered representatives of the histrionic art at Washington. Therefore he is usually accredited with good taste and much knowledge respecting the dramatic and lyric stage, and the people of the professions. A representative of THE MIRROR called upon him a few days ago with a view of securing for the public the ideas of the great General in relation to the stage, its people, prospects, etc. We were ushered into his pleasant office at the War Department building, and immediately proceeded to state the object of our visit, and were very much surprised and disappointed to hear that he knew nothing about the stage, and did not wish to talk about a matter so little understood by him.

Although daunted we were not dismayed, and proceeded with our effort to secure an interview with the General of the army. The following is the result, the substance of the General's remarks, being given without an attempt to quote his exact language:

"Do you not think, General, that there has been a marked improvement, morally and intellectually, among the people of the profession during the last half century?"

"I do not know that there has. The stage of to-day seems very much the same to me as it did years ago, when I first began to notice it. Actors of the present are like those of the past generation. Men and women are much the same the world over, and from generation to generation. I see very little change in theatrical people. No improvement, no decline. I am much more interested in Texas railroads than in theatrical affairs or other matters of a local character here in the East."

"How are the railroads in Texas progressing?"

"That map over there against the wall will answer that question better than I."

"What do you think of the plan of regulating, by a system of reservoirs, the volume of water, and improving the navigation of the Mississippi and other Western rivers, now being carried out by the War Department?"

"That is another matter concerning which I know very little. General Wright has that in charge."

"Do you consider the indications favorable or otherwise for the general future prosperity of the country?"

"Decidedly favorable. I think we have entered upon an era of prosperity. The finances of the nation are on a sound foundation; business is reported good in all parts of the country; we are at peace with the world; our harvests have been bounteous, and I can see no reason why we should not anticipate good times for years to come."

"Don't you think Washington needs a new opera house or theatre building?"

"Yes, I think we need one; but I don't think so strong enough to give a thousand dollars toward building it, as I have been solicited to do."

"You attend the theatres so frequently that your protestations of ignorance upon theatrical subjects seem surprising."

"Well, I go to places of amusement simply for amusement and pastime. I study neither the performers nor performances."

"You were at the National last night and saw Miss Anderson as Galatea; how did you like the entertainment?"

"I thought it very fine."

"Some critics say that Pygmalion and Galatea is the worst of all of Gilbert's productions."

"I think it one of his best, and Miss Anderson very good in her portrayal of Galatea. She is a handsome and talented woman."

"Well, General, I will not occupy more of your time, so bid you good morning. I regret very much that you are unwilling to give the readers of THE MIRROR the benefit of a talk with you on matters pertaining to the stage."

"Good morning. I do not wish to be reported as expressing opinions upon a subject concerning which I know nothing."

Why They Played the Dromios.

No matter how successful actors may be, and no matter how good plays they may have, nor what phenomenal runs the said plays may enjoy, there is always a stern necessity for novelty. What pleases one season may pall the next. The public is fickle, and its fickleness must be humored or the public will stay away, and the cash-box will be empty. Therefore Stuart Robson and William Crane put their heads together in the hope that, from the collision, some sparks of intelligence might fly forth and illume our darkness. But, for a long time, knock as they might, there was nobody at home; not a ghost of an idea was evolved from their numb skulls, and they began to think that they were numbskulls themselves.

Crane craned his neck even to crashing, but could reach no height of imagination, and Robson tried to filch some inspiration from the elder dramatists, but all in vain. At last, wearied with excess of cogitation, and having reached their Twelfth Night of sleeplessness over the matter, they resolved to indulge in a little relaxation, and so Our Bachelors slipped on their Pink Dominos, and, calling a coupe, drove off to a masquerade where the Sharps and Flats were mingled in the crowd of merrymakers, and the Sharps got away with the Flats, as usual.

Arrived at the ball Our Bachelors kept the ball a-rolling in their peculiar manner. Crane danced the Boston Dip, and Robson kept up the Racket with spirit and vivacity. Professor Bangle possessed himself of the rounded arms of various lovely females and spun round in the giddy valse with the agility of an acrobat, winning the admiration of all beholders. Mr. Bachelor Jowler "seized by the throat a circumcised dog," who kept the cloak-room, and adjured him in a whisper to take an uncle's care of their celebrated Pink Dominos, and then entwining a Hebe-like waist with his dexter tentacle, lapsed into a schottisch with juvenile grace.

After several sounds, finding their breath somewhat short, Our Bachelors bethought that a moderate dose of champagne and oysters would not burst them, and, adjourning to a neighboring tavern, called lustily for the drinkables and edibles. Crane wanted a roast, and Robson put his trust in a stew, Boston style. While their desires were in course of fruition, they indulged in cold slaw *ad lib*, and Pommery Sec in libations, returning the while to the old, old story of a new play. Said Crane to Robson, "Now, old boy, if we could only get something where we could imitate each other, where I could be you, and you could be me, that would be immense!"

Quoth Robson, "Impossible! My idiosyncrasy is so individual; I am so very much myself, and so very little anybody else, that nobody else could possibly be me! In point of fact, none but myself can be my parallel."

N. B. This was at the third bottle of Pommery Sec.

"Don't flatter yourself, dear boy," rejoined Crane; "I have you off by heart, and I will bet champagne and oysters for the group that I will take you off to your very face."

"Done," cried Robson. "If you can make the waiter think that I ordered the roast, and you the stew, I will pay the stew!"

At the word, with a wink Crane elevated his nose and threw back his head. Robson sat expectant. "*Garcon*," squeaked Crane, "Come hither with the viands; my friend and myself are unhungered. Despatch, and quickly, too."

"Kellner," queried Robson, "why hast thou delayed thy coming? Our souls are faint within us. Produce the viands, and with haste."

The waiter gazed helplessly from one to the other, and, after a moment's doubt, deposited the roast before Robson and the stew before Crane.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the latter, "you see?"

"Slave and minion!" howled Robson, "reverse the order of the feast. Roast Crane and stew me."

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," humbly spoke the waiter, "but you are so much alike that I can't, for the life of me, tell t'other from which, or which from t'other; you are like the two Dromios that I once saw at the theayter."

"Eureka!" shouted both our bachelors in one voice. "Thou hast hit it, friend; thou hast cut the Gordian knot; receive our thanks and a trade dollar. We will be Dromio!"

And they did, and the certain waiter a free pass always while they are in town.

The Curtain-Man.

BY W. J. FLORENCE.

Yes, sir, I raised and lowered the curtain in Mitchell's old Olympic Theatre for ten years, and many a strange sight have I seen, and many successes and failures could I tell you of.

You see, sir, we curtain men are never thought of by the public, the actors, or the authors either for the matter of that, and yet we are very necessary to the drama. Many a climax has been spoiled by an inexperienced curtain man. Many a play has been ruined by a curtain man who did not understand his business.

Yes, sir, a "slow curtain" to music must not be "rung down" a second before its time, nor a "quick curtain" mistaken for a "one-half slow."

Then again, sir, we have to change the borders or flies, and if by chance I put over a garden or foliage border on a drawing room it would look queer wouldn't it, sir?

I remember a strange scene I witnessed over at the Olympic; it was about Christmas time in '42. We were playing a fairy piece. I forget the name of it now—Yellow Dwarf, Puss in Boots, or something of that sort. Indeed, I ought to remember it, but can't just now.

Well, sir, I came to the theatre this night and took my accustomed place in the flies, ready to hoist the curtain when I got the bell. I was tired and weary, had been up all night tending my poor wife who was down with fever, and I was so worn out watching I could hardly keep my eyes open. Still I managed to do my work, and I was very glad when the play was over. I let the curtain down on the "tag," and was about to put on my coat, when I got a warning bell to take the curtain up again. I mechanically seized the windlass and wound the curtain up and looked over the railing of my gallery to see what was going on below.

A table spread with wine and edibles for a supper was placed in in the middle of the stage, and my manager, Mr. Mitchell, dressed as Vincent Crummels, was seated at the head of the table, while ranged on either side were the leading members of the company, Mary Taylor, Connie Clarke, Mrs. Timm, Walcot, Nickneson, Edwin, Conover, Horncastle, Mary Gannon and Charlotte Nickenson.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Mitchell, as he rose, glass in hand, "To-night we meet to celebrate the anniversary of our opening, I have invited a number of friends to join our family group, and—"

"Mr. Simpson!" shouted Frank Drew, the call-boy, and the manager of the Park Theatre, thus announced, walked on the stage, and he took his seat at Mr. Mitchell's left.

"Welcome, Simpson," said Mitchell. "How goes on old Drury? Well, I hope. Fill your glass, man, and join us in a toast."

"Mr. Hamblin!" shouted the call boy, announcing the handsome manager of the Bowery Theatre.

"Come here Tom," said Mitchell; "sit ye here. Even, at my feet, Demetrius."

"Have with you!" said Hamblin, as he seated himself on Mitchell's right, while the members of the company applauded by clapping their hands.

"I was just about to propose the continued success of our little Olympic, and long life, health and prosperity each and every individual member of my company. We have had a very prosperous and successful season. Our plays—comedy, farce and burlesque—have been well received, and if for the future—"

At the word "future," the lights suddenly went out, except at the back of the stage, where the scene represented a large mirror, on the polished surface of which was written in dull lead-colored letters, "The Future." The company had risen to their feet, and stood looking with wonder at the strange scene. Just then the call-boy's voice was heard announcing, "Mr. Shakespeare!"

He was a thin, spare man, with an oval bald head, and clad in trunks and hose; he seemed sad, and wore a weary, disappointed look; in fact, he looked exactly as I had often seen him standing in the niche over the large door of the Park Theatre.

"I have come," said he, in a hoarse hollow voice, "I have come to show you what there is in the future for your profession; for myself, alas, I am forgotten at the present, nor have I any hope for the future."

Low, weird music was now heard in the orchestra, where George Loder sat enthroned as leader.

"Look upon the mirror," said Shakespeare.

All eyes was turned toward the back of the stage; a thin mist had covered the polished surface of the glass. When it cleared away, the lookers-on beheld a man in a red shirt; he had an overcoat on his arm, a cigar in his mouth, and long shiny locks on each side of his face.

"This," said Shakespeare, "is your first great success in the future; he is a New York fireman, his name 'Mose!' Look at him. He speaks!" Slowly removing the cigar from his mouth, the figure turned, and in a [illegible] manner spoke these words, "Syksey, [illegible] this butt!"

"[illegible] gibberish," said Shakespeare, "[illegible] will add many dollars to your treasury again." The man in the red [illegible], and a strange object, with [illegible] lookers, hair parted in the middle, [illegible] eye-glass in his eye, hopped, skipped and jumped upon the scene. He wore a long-skirted coat, and his entire costume was modeled in the extreme of fashion.

"What is this?" said Mitchell.

"One of those things no fellah can find out, he will be called Dundreary, and will become the fashion and live for years in both the new and old world," said Shakespeare. "See, he is going to sneeze," and with a loud "ait-choo" the figure skipped away.

An old man clad in rags and leaning on a staff now appeared on the surface of the glass; his white beard reached down to his waist, and his snow-white head was bent with age and sorrow. He looked appealingly at the company and at the wine-filled glasses on the table.

"Shall we give him a drink?" said Mitchell.

"Yes," said the shade of Shakespeare; "give him Schnapps."

As the old man raised the goblet he sadly said: "Here's your good health, and your families' good health, and may you live long and prosper." His name is Rip Van Winkle, and will be a sterling attraction for years. Look again. An old negro with a fair-haired child sitting on his lap. "Uncle Tom and Eva," said Shakespeare, "will hold the stage for many seasons, and their names will be heard on the lips of millions yet to come."

Slow, plaintive music now filled the air, and the surface of the mirror reflected the figure of a pale-faced lad lying bleeding, while over his prostrate body stood a savage-looking man with a slung-shot in his hand.

"Poor broken hearted Bob Brierly," said Shakespeare. "He, too, will be a well-remembered stage portrait in the coming time. See that old Yankee farmer; he is called Solon Shingle—and that German-looking, graceful fellow is called Fritz; while that third party, with the up-raised arm, will be known as Colonel Sellers. Those are all to be famous in the future. There's millions in it," said Shakespeare, in a sad and despairing tone.

"Have you no tragedians to show?" said Manager Hamblin.

"Look again," said Shakespeare, "that is Edwin Booth. His name will be a great one. He will be famous on both continents. That heroic figure in the Roman toga is John McCullough. He will be great in his day, and loved by all."

The orchestra now struck up the Rogue's March, and—then appeared a queer old fellow in a slouchy black hat; his trousers were baggy, his beard was pointed, and he had a slouchy, shambling gait. "This old rascal," said Shakespeare, "will be known as the Honorable Bardwell ——"

Loud peals of sheet-iron stage thunder and flashes of lycopodium stage lightning now filled the stage, and in the general clash I awoke. I had been fast asleep and dreaming. It was broad daylight, and I crept down from my place in the flies, and wended my way sorrowfully home.

English Actresses and American Reviewers.

PREFACE.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

MY DEAR SIR:—The proudest moment of my life was the one which brought me your request for some contribution to your Christmas number. With that thirst for notoriety which characterizes us women of the stage, I have waited and dreamed over the joy of seeing my name as a writer. This same insatiable vanity led me to scribble the sketch which bears the above title, but, oh, misery! I left the sketch in London, and have to write this from memory. However, I have a revenge sure and swift. You will have to punctuate this scrawl for me.

Yours very truly,

SELINA DOLARO,

who now starts on

ENGLISH ACTRESSES AND AMERICAN REVIEWERS.

No! No! Don't rush, those who do me the honor of reading this, and condemn me as a greater fool than I am. I am not going to air a lot of fancied grievances. On the contrary I have no grievances to air. My sole desire in naming this drivel in parody of Byron was in the hope that I had succeeded in starting with a "seli." A certain sort of "interviewing" is the subject I choose as being fraught with greater possibilities of amusement than any other I know.

Which of us (we players, I mean,) will ever forget the ponderous wave of importance we felt when the first interview was solicited. I acknowledge that to my mind no one was of quite as much interest as I the day a card was brought me when I was out West, requesting that Mme. Dolaro would receive the reporter of *The Repute Blaster*.

"I shall be at liberty in five minutes," said I, apparently unconcerned.

The moment the waiter left the room, a frantic rush to the glass, an extra fluff to the hair, an extra puff to the nose, and then a pose of an impossible spiral curve against the only available piece of furniture in the hotel room. In this agony I awaited the coming of the man who was to make me famous. A wild order to my maid to throw all my cloaks and shawls over the faded furniture and ring the bell for the gentleman to come in, ended my suspense.

Enter reviewer.

I put one toe of my neatest shoe well outside the bottom of my gown, look as unconcerned as possible (with the muscles of my back beginning to weaken), and think over my brilliant comedy dialogue. I feel that this is at last my moment to distinguish myself. I receive the gentleman with my usual suavity.

"How very kind of you to give yourself the trouble to call. I am afraid I am a most thoroughly uninteresting individual, and quite unable to give you news of any possible interest."

"Not at all, madam. The greatest pleasure we hard working writers have is to talk to you charming ladies. What is your opinion of Irving and Sarah Bernhardt?"

Now is my moment. I may give my opinion, and shall see it chronicled in the *Blaster* on the morrow. I wander on, and pour out my most voluble English. Why, oh why, do I only give forth the most inane of platitudes? Why won't brilliant and sparkling dialogue bubble forth? I suppose it is the basilisk eye of the reviewer fixed on me, and the unbreathed hope I see there that I will in an unwary moment bare some scandal. We are both in agony. I have nothing to say about anything. The reviewer grows hopeless of "copy." I present the gentleman with my best picture; tell how much I like Pilsconsin. (I have never been outside the door.) We part the best of friends. Oh, no; I have forgotten that. I here take the opportunity of obtaining a little gratuitous advertising by owning my hopes and aspirations. Here is a splendid moment, indeed, to pour forth my dramatic fervor, I having been designed by a beneficent creator to play low comedy. I pine after tragedy and the legitimate, to see myself gasping out a death agony when everybody else wants to see me dancing. A mild can-can is my ambition—if I could only reduce this too solid flesh I I should certainly perpetrate "Les Dame aux Camelia."

But in this case, though Femme may propose, Dieu emphatically disposes by keeping me dreadfully healthy—so no consumption. I must content myself with violent deaths.

With these fixed ambitions and resolutions I tell my courteous reviewer of my determinations, of my resolve to try the drama, and many other things which I will spare the endurance of a possible reader. Of course I ask his advice with an entreaty in my eyes, as though my soul were in the question, and with a fixed determination not to profit by it if opposed to my opinion. I throw in a few sweet things and show the pattern on the instep of my stocking. Reviewer remarks on my striking resemblance to all the greatest actresses. I readily acquiesce, knowing as well as he (just about) the resemblance. Then a cordial good-bye ends the interview. Now my excitement begins. I await to-morrow's issue with a positive torture; I order six copies of the *Blaster* to be brought with my early cup of coffee. At last to-morrow is here, and with it my six *Blasters*. Yes, there it is in beautiful big type, front page: "Selina Dolaro."

"Our reporter visited the subject of our article yesterday in the —— Hotel, and through the courtesy of Mr. So-and-So, the manager, was at once shown into the artist's apartments. At his entrance Madame Dolaro came forward to meet him. She was richly attired in an elegant illusion and several notions." I here put down the *Blaster* for a moment to take a sip of coffee, and wonder what either an illusion or a notion is. I confess that both convey to my dense British brain but the impression of something, to say the least, cupidesque (this word copyrighted), a sort of harmony in imagination, richly trimmed with cloud. At the same time I am perfectly assured in my own mind that I was much more clad than the description would lead people to suppose. I sip my coffee, and ponder, when it suddenly dawns upon me that this is the poetic vein in which the most prosaic of of interviews is written. It is needless to give any further details. Most people have read their own or some one else's interview, and noticed the remarkable talent with which the commonest of commonplaces are turned into Arabian Nights' visions by the American reviewer.

Here I wish to remark how thoroughly amateurs, like human nature, repeat themselves. I have been told by a great writer that the most difficult of writing was autobiographical; so this sketch being my first attempt I must, of course, start autobiographically—pure cussedness, Mark Twain would say. However, it's the old story of the dramatic amateur who invariably begins by playing Hamlet. I personally ask pardon of those who are bored, and promise that the next time I am asked to write I will begin at the beginning, like a good little girl, with something like "Little Baby's Toosey Pegs, or Mamma's Darling."

[This remarkably freehand drawing is presented by the author to the editor.]

Tit for Tat.

BY W. A. MESTAYER.

My first stand leaving San Francisco was Salt Lake City. I was starring in my own play called The Hoodlum, or Life in Frisco, a drama entirely Californian and extremely local. I can only say, without being prolix, that Mormons and Gentiles as well sat out the entire play with heroic fortitude. Had a steam fire engine playing a reservoir of ice-water on the stage from the rise of the curtain until its fall on the last act, the atmosphere could not have been more frigid. It occurred to me that the audience did not arrive at any idea what a hoodlum was—the same idea must have permeated the brains of the managers, Messrs. Klawson, Cain and Williams, for in the most kindly manner they suggested a change. Of course I agreed; we would do the legitimate; that never fails with a clever (?) exponent. They had a large and passably good company, so on Tuesday the School for Scandal was substituted for The Hoodlum—Charles Surface instead of Bill Hardhead. My business manager was an old 'Frisco critic named Bell, a clever writer, but a bad agent.

After the performance he made his appearance with the box-office statement and a card on which was inscribed: "Mr. T. Gordon Schyler, Cashier Second National Bank, Utah." Bell explained that he was one of the solid men of the city who was delighted with my performance—and who wished to meet me socially, would call or write on the morrow. Sure enough the next morning I was highly gratified on receiving a note from the distinguished gentleman, which ran as follows:

"T. Gordon Schyler presents his compliments to Mr. Mestayer, and would like very much to have the pleasure of his company this evening at his residence, 339 Great Desert avenue. A few personal friends of Mr. and Mrs. Schyler will be there, who would be charmed to meet Mr. Mestayer socially, having admired him so much in public."

This was very flattering, and so exceedingly pleasant that I accepted at once. After the performance I dressed myself *en regle*, and made my appearance at the door of the mansion in Great Desert avenue. My host met me on the portals, was delighted to see me, gave my wraps to the colored flunky, and ushered me into the parlor. A numerous and handsomely-dressed party of ladies and gentlemen were here assembled in a suite of parlors, most of which were large, stately and æsthetically furnished; in fact, quite too too. I was now to receive my first shock: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. Mestayer." A few nodded, some smiled and gently whispered: "It's the actor." It was now left to myself; I was introduced collectively to all, but evidently to no one. However, my native *aplomb* came to my aid, and singling out a congenial old bald-head, I opened a conversation with him. I found him a very sensible old fellow, and a numismatic. Having made some study of coins myself—more especially those of the twelve Cæsars—we soon got into an interesting discussion. We were interrupted by our host, who, leading his wife up to me, desired me to conduct her to the supper table, which was now prepared, having been awaiting my advent. I was charmed. I was mistaken in my host. He had performed the proper capah. I was to be the lion of the evening after all, and was to fill the post of honor. The lady was fair, fat and fifty—had a jolly good-natured face that impressed me favorably. The supper was very lum-tum—quite the lardy. The wines were choice, the claret of the proper temperature, and the champagne artistically *frappeed*. I enjoyed the supper amazingly, but it had to end, and it did. On our arrival in the parlor my hostess left me, settled herself on an ottoman, looked diagonally at me over her breast-pin which was flush with her chin, and said, "Now;" after which an ominous silence. I was to receive shock No. 2. "Mr. Mestayer will now oblige us with something, said mine host the cashier. This was too utterly utter. I was then only invited to amuse. I accepted the situation, swallowed my pride with the last remnant of the supper, and took a position, one hand on the piano.

"What shall it be, ladies and gentlemen? Tragedy, comedy, prose verse or poem unlimited."

"Select for yourself, Mr. Mestayer. We are sure to be charmed."

I began with Hamlet's soliloquy and finished up with Mulcahy's Twins, and merely stopped from sheer exhaustion, and a gentle reminder that the canned oysters were not dead yet. I have been a martyr to dyspepsia and took the hint—go home—and take pepsine. The cashier did not press me to remain; was sorry I was indisposed, followed me to the door, shook hands, and said he was much obliged. During banking hours next morning I drew up a bill for two hundred dollars for my services at Mr. Schuyler's social, and sent Bell with the bill to the bank. Here I received shock No. 3—Mr. S. read it carefully endorsed it, and it was paid.

This was the heaviest blow of all. I did not expect this, and I was mortified and chagrined. What to do next? Keep the money I could not. I was relieved from my misery at this time by the call of a dear old lady who was about to found a public library for the youth of Salt Lake. She desired my services and the use of the theatre for Saturday night for a benefit in aid of this charitable institution, the welfare of which she had much at heart. I consented at once. Saturday night arrived; I played Don Cæsar de Bazan, which had first place on the programme, followed by tableaux and recitations by amateurs: At the conclusion of my play the old lady had a table and chair placed on the stage, from which she thanked the audience for their attendance (the house was packed), also the manager of the theatre and the star for their kind support. She then read a long list of names of those who had also liberally subscribed large sums for the benefit of the institution, the foremost of whom was T. Gordon Schyler, fifty dollars. I was standing at the wing when I heard this name. "Now or never," said I, advancing to the lady. I began: "Madam, I feel that on this occasion my services as an actor have been of but slight value. I wish also to make a donation of two hundred dollars, received by me for services rendered at the social of T. Gordon Schyler, who, I have no doubt, will agree with me that this is the best use the money could be put to."

The banker occupied a prominent stage-box, and at the conclusion of my speech, retired within himself. Of course the donation was received with approbation, and I was truly the lion of the evening.

But that was six years ago. If the same incident were to occur again, I should keep the two hundred, and don't you forget it.

"Business" Not Down in the Prompt Book.

BY KATE MUNROE.

Some years ago I was under engagement to sing the part of Rosina in the Barbiere de Saviglia, at Foggia, a town in Southern Italy, not far from Naples.

To those who are familiar with this work of Rosini's, it will be unnecessary to state that the role maintained is a lively one, and I enjoyed singing it immensely, just as later on I enjoyed playing Serpolette in the Cloches de Corneville.

After having undergone the necessary but unpleasant experiences incident to the stage "business" of most Italian operas; for instance, that of the Sonnambula, which involves being dragged about the stage by the hair, powerless in the clutch of an infuriated lover, as impersonated by the tenor, after having been dragged about in a sack a helpless and half-stifled victim at the whim of a distracted father, as impersonated by the baritone in Rigoletto, after having generally reduced myself to a pulpy and lachrymose state in various other roles, the sympathetic reader will readily understand what a relief it was to one of my naturally cheerful disposition to be able to assume a bright and pretty Spanish dress, to smile and to gambol about the stage at my own free will as Rosina. In fact, the whole company amused themselves in the Barber of Seville, and this was specially true during the third act.

For the benefit of those who do not know or have forgotten the libretto of this opera, I will explain that in it the Count Almaviva comes disguised as a music master to the house of Don Bartolo, in order to gain an interview with Rosina, Don Bartolo's ward; and that Figaro, the barber, being a sort of go-between any ally of the Count, arrives at the same time, and insists upon shaving Don Bartolo then and there, in order to distract his attention from the two lovers, who retire behind the piano and arrange an elopement.

But Don Bartolo is jealous, and his suspicions being aroused, he manages to get near enough to overhear the plot in spite of Figaro's efforts to detain him. Figaro then attempts in vain to warn Almaviva and Rosina of Bartolo's approach by means of coughing, whistling, etc., but they are too much absorbed in their love making to pay any attention until Bartolo is upon them, when there ensues a scene of wild confusion, Don Bartolo chasing the three culprit about the stage, upsetting tables and chairs, belaboring Almaviva and Figaro with his cane, and trying to box Rosina's ears. Our Don Bartolo generally got much the best of us, as he had a stick, and Almaviva and Figaro could only defend themselves by ensconsing themselves behind the furniture, from whence they were sometimes dislodged, often receiving fearful whacks.

Figaro suffered most at the hands of Don Bartolo, as he was nearest him when the tussle commenced, and made bolder dashes at him, for Almaviva was supposed to be occupied in trying to defend me (Rosina), but in reality I think it was a game of "*sauve qui peut*" or "every fellow for himself."

The scuffle (that is what it amounted to) fortunately had a definite ending, for after the orchestra had played the finale (there was very little singing done) the scene changed, we had to calm down, pull ourselves together, and "go on" for the finish of the opera.

One evening our Figaro amused himself by tying Bartolo to the back of his chair, with the napkin which he passed around his neck, while pretending to shave him, so that when it came Bartolo's "cue" to rise and cross the stage, he found he could not do so without strangling himself. Now, in an opera, when the "cue" comes in the music, it must be taken up. There was no time to untie the napkin, even had he been able to reach behind where it was tied, which he was not, nor could he tear it, for it was of good strong linen. So he was obliged stagger across the stage as best he could holding on with might and main to the chair which was a heavy one with large arms.

Almaviva and I were sitting with our backs to this little scene, but we knew something ont of the way had happened, as the audience commenced to laugh immoderately. We heard a shuffling, then a sort of stifled bellow in our ears, and jumping up, we saw Bartolo standing there with the chair on his back, purple in the face and half suffocated.

We did not get any whacks that evening, I promise you, as all he could do was to stand in the middle of the stage, raging impotently, while we executed a sort of triumphant war dance around him. The audience, which in those Italian cities is composod mostly of regular subscribers who attend the theatre every evening, enjoyed this little episode immensely and applauded vociferously. Figaro, of course, was greatly elated at the success of his little game, but allowed a couple of evenings to pass quietly, being very genial and kind in his manner to Bartolo, even allowing him to give him some cruel whacks on his shins, and thus having appeased Bartolo's wrath, and having lulled him into tranquility, again commenced his tricks. This time he put a little black stuff of some sort into the bottom of his shaving basin, and the beaten up white of an egg on top, as usual.

This froth he had to plaster on to Bartolo's face, giving him dabs of it in the eye, every time he attempted to see what was going on behind the piano. Well, this evening Figaro put a little froth on Bartolo's cheeks and then made a long black mark all down the nose of the unsuspecting victim. The audience snickered, and Bartolo, thinking it was due to some grimace he had made, made another more hideous, Figaro at the same time putting a big black cross on each cheek, and so went on with his smearing, the audience laughing louder and louder, Bartolo twitching and grimacing more and more, and doing all his best low-comedy tricks in the way of facial expression.

Almaviva and I were again mystified for a moment, but when we saw Bartolo standing over us, his face a sort of compromise between a negro and a chimney-sweep, we first grinned, then made a feeble and sickly effort to regain our artistic dignity, gave one or two suppressed little snorts, and at last burst forth laughing until the tears rolled down our cheeks, which strange conduct naturally surprised Bartolo, who finally becoming bewildered by the unexpected effect his capers were apparently having upon the audience, and being very warm from chasing us about, suddenly stopped and commenced mopping his face with the napkin, which still hung around his neck. My powers as a word painter are too feeble to try and describe in the slightest degree the expression of that man's face as his eye happened to catch a great smudge of black, which he had wiped off his face upon the napkin, and that, and a perfect roar from the public, showed him that some trick had been played on him. He stared around for a moment, then dashing off the stage, rushed into his dressing-room, looked into his mirror and—— well, I was not there, so I can not tell you exactly what he said or did, but I have been credibly informed that if Figaro had come along just then, in the expressive language of my countrymen, "he might have ordered his coffin, and the corpse would have been ready."

The worse of it was that the black was lampblack, or some sticky substance, and the wretched man nearly rubbed a piece of his face off, but not the black, and was obliged to "go on" again shortly after with his "make up" in a lamentable state, his face covered with streaks of cold cream, black and other colors. The laugh which greeted his next appearance did not tend to soothe his wounded pride, and he left the theatre vowing the most awful vengence upon Figaro.

The next evening Bartolo had discarded the little cane he usually brought on in the third act, and provided himself instead with a stout club, and Figaro had as much as he could do to escape from some fearful blows. Almaviva and I found our place a sinecure about this time, as we hardly had anything to do except to look on and be amused like the other spectators, for Bartolo's energies were entirely devoted to "getting at" Figaro, and they went flying about the stage to the intense delight of the public, who felt that they were getting the worth of their money.

This sort of warfare continued for several evenings, as Bartolo's anger was not to be easily appeased, and Figaro received some serious bruises, which he took with very good grace. But on the third evening after the lampblack incident, as Bartolo made a wild rush at him, he suddenly turned his back and stood stock-still, receiving a heavy blow right between the shoulders from the stick of the delighted Bartolo, who felt that at last he was going to "get even." To the astonishment of us all, the blow produced the most ghastly and extraordinary noise, while Figaro stood there quite calmly, with a pleasant grin on his countenance. The astounded Bartolo gave a couple of feeble taps more, still bringing forth a horrid din, apparently from Figaro's backbone, and that worthy finally turning and slipping a little Chinese gong from underneath his jacket, handed it, with a polite bow, to the open mouthed and gasping Bartolo, amidst a perfect storm of laughter and applause.

And this is all true.

—Gerster's receipts at Louisville last Thursday night were $2700.

The Story of a Stowaway.

BY STEPHEN FISKE.

(*Burnand ed from Punch-and Judy.*)

Come, my lad, and sit beside me, in the shadow of the barn!
No, you needn't bring your log book; this is no sad sea dog's yarn:
'Tis a simple Christmas story, that you've never heard before,
Though it sounds, at the commencement, something like old Pinafore!
So, forget your naval heroes; make of Nelson ducks and Drakes—
John Paul Jones and all those fellows, after all, were no great shakes;
And the heroes, in procession, who will calmly yield up life,
Don't deserve much recollection, roll of drum or scream of fife;
For the hero I have chosen to instruct you, lad, to-day,
Was a more surprising person—a Dramatic Stowaway!

Red haired, puny, pale-complexioned, looking like Uriah Heep,
Long before his nurse could teach him, he had taught himself to creep;
Then he crept along to boyhood; crept unwillingly to school;
Crept through an examination; crept to a War Office stool!
As he served his patient term there, he revenged all slights and snubs
By attacking the officials in the *Echoes from the Clubs*.
Then, his wage paid by the taxes, he began to underbid
Writers on the weekly papers—O, he was a downy kid!—
Till he had secured their places as the critics of the play!
All this while the people thought him a War Office Stowaway!

By and bye, a buzzing *Hornet* stung him into libel suits,
And a very angry cornet sought to shake him from his boots;
So he thought it would be prudent to resign his clerkship, and
Openly to join the press gang and recruit Bohemia's band;
But, before he left, he polished up his desk so carefully
That he pocketed a pension for his regularity!
All the luck was in his favor; Fortune's smile became a laugh,
As he crept from the *Observer* up and on the *Telegraph*!
Now in clover you behold him, happy as the flowers of May,
Known all over London as the Journalistic Stowaway!

After seeing plays in plenty, what more easy task, he thought,
Than to write them? So translations cheaply from the French he bought!
Managers were glad to purchase almost any kind of plays
Which a dozen papers certain, in advance, were pledged to praise:
And it was a simple matter to rewrite a farce or two,
Reconstruct French melodramas—even to adapt Sardou!
He could puff up other playwrights, and they, being only men,
Gratefully took up the bellows; warmly praised his skillful pen!
But a Crimson Cross betrayed him—"on the cross" was not "his lay"—
And he stood again discovered—a Playwriting Stowaway!

Banished from the quarter-deck now, he hid in a Magazine!
There a gallant Admiral found him, as the sea-waves, fresh and green!
"Who are you!" roared out the Admiral. "Please, sir, Irving placed me here,
And I'm printing fancy portraits—they do look uncommon queer;
But, kind sir, if you would lend me a few hundred pounds—say five—
I'm in hopes that I could make those fancy portraits look alive!"
"Dash my wig!" replied the Admiral, "I have never money lent;
But, here goes! Take your five hundred for high Art and five per cent.!
Try and make your pictures better, and as for repayment—stay!
None must know that I've had dealings with a Monthly Stowaway!"

When you tell this touching story to your playfellows at school,
Don't dwell on the gallant Admiral. He was not weak, as a rule;
But he may have had his reasons, which I cannot now relate,
And his princely gift resulted in my hero's dreadful fate!
For, just as he got the money, and things went on swimmingly,
Folks began to whisper scandal; left it to the *Referee*;
Then the whole tale was reported in an awful court of law,
And the facts were turned and twisted as, my lad, of course, you saw!
Bang! the Magazine exploded! Heavy damages to pay!
Let this be a Christmas warning: Never be a Stowaway!

Wallack's Theatre.

HISTORY OF THE HOUSE AT THE CORNER OF THIRTEENTH STREET AND BROADWAY.—TWENTY YEARS OF PLAYS AND ACTORS.

III.

MADAME PONISI.

The regular season of 1864-65 saw the accession of Ione Burke and Clara Jennings to the company. Ione Burke was the daughter of the lady who became the wife of the great comedian, Charles Burke. She assumed her step-father's name and was for several years a local favorite. She married a wealthy Englishman and retired from the stage. Clara Jennings was a native of Australia. She was a Miss Simpson and became Mrs. Jennings by marriage. She was a pupil of the late J. W. Wallack, and was brought out by him. She subsequently married D. C. Kingsland and retired from the stage.

The season began on September 19, and lasted until nearly the middle of the following June. On June 12, to open the Summer season, The Iron Mask was produced with J. W. Wallack, Jr., E. L. Davenport, and Rose Eytinge in the cast. This was followed by Oliver Twist, with J. W. Wallack, Jr., in his wonderful impersonation of Fagin, E. L. Davenport as Bill Sykes, Fanny Morant as Nancy, and Ione Burke as Oliver Twist. E. L. Davenport was also seen in the character of William in Black Eyed Susan. Dan Bryant followed this bright galaxy of actors, and kept the stage until the opening of the regular season of 1865-66.

It was during this season that the engagement of Frederick Robinson was announced. He came from London, and it was quite a long time between the announcement of his engagement and his first appearance. His debut was made on December 12 in a piece entitled Dreams of Delusion. It was a remarkably brilliant hit. About this time Jerome Hopkins was giving afternoon musical entertainments at this theatre.

On January 12 Henry Dunbar was produced with J. W. Wallack, Jr., in the leading role. After this Dan Bryant played another Summer engagement, during which he brought out Shamus O'Brien. The regular season of 1866-67 was opened September 18 by the production of The Fast Family. John H. Selwyn was engaged as stage manager, and Mrs. Sedley Brown joined the company this year. Mr. Selwyn afterwards became the manager of Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, which is now known as the Globe. He is dead. The play of Ours was

MRS. JOHN HOEY.

brought forward on December 19. The play bills on that occasion announced Artemus Ward as joint author with T. W. Robinson. The joint authorship, however, only existed in name, Mr. Browne having written in a few words to secure the American copyright. The cast of parts with which Ours was first produced is as follows:

Hugh Chalcote	Lester Wallack
Col Sir Alex Shendryn	John Gilbert
Prince Prov ky	Charles Fisher
Angus McAllister	B. T. Ringgold
Sergeant Jones	W. H. Norton
Major Sempsey	W. J. Leonard
Broadley	W. H. Pope
Benson	Mr. Ward
Mary Netley	Mary Gannon
Blanch Haye	Madeline Henriques
Lady Shendryn	Fanny Morant
Ellen	Miss Scott

The Flying Scud was the next novelty, and it had a successful run of many weeks. A. W. Young played Nat Gosling in this piece. This was the part in which George Belmore made such a hit in London, and afterwards in this city at Booth's Theatre. Mr. Belmore made a fortune with The Flying Scud, spent it upon the turf, and died in this city on Fourth avenue in comparative poverty. Dan Bryant again came upon the scene in the Summer of this year, and played until the advent of Miss Lotta, who came forward July 29 in Buckstone's piece entitled The Pet of the Petticoats. This energetic little actress was at once taken into public favor. The first announcement of her engagement was received with astonishment by the intellectual and exclusive portion of the Wallack audience, and the thought was entertained that the introduction of this frolicsome performer into the aristocratic atmosphere would lower the standard of entertainment which had hitherto characterized the productions at this house. Miss Lotta was graduated from the variety stage of California. She danced in clogs, sang, and played the banjo. She was discovered by Charles Backus, the favorite minstrel, in San Francisco, who brought her East, where she had capered upon grog-shop tables, and picked "bits" out of the sand upon the floor. This record was prejudicial to her; but the grace, innocent freshness, and genuine merit of her romping performances dispelled any anxiety that might have been felt, and kindled an enthusiasm in her favor, which has lasted to the present day.

At the opening of the regular season of 1867 68 Thomas Baker first appeared as the leader of the band. This musician had previously been identified with Laura Keene's

W. CHIPPENDALE.

Theatre, and with that house when its name was changed to the Olympic and when it was under the management of Mrs. John Wood. J. H. Stoddart and J. B. Polk were this year added to the company. The season was mainly devoted to revivals. Miss Rose Eytinge was especially engaged to play Margaret Wentworth in Henry Dunbar, and before long was seen in Nancy in Oliver Twist, in conjunction with J. W. Wallack, Jr., and E. L. Davenport.

On June 8th John Brougham brought out his play, The Lottery of Life, in which he interpreted the character of Terry, the Swell. This piece was a pronounced melodrama of the gory and sensational kind, and, it was thought at the time, was written in fulfillment of a threatening promise made in a farewell speech some year or more previously, at the close of a very disastrous engagement at Niblo's Garden. Lotta followed Mr. Brougham, and played continuously until the end of the Summer season.

The Coming Actress.

About twice in every hundred years, since the rise of the English stage began, a genius has sprung out from obscurity into public view, and with electrifying effect has left an indelible imprint upon the pages of theatrical history. In the Eighteenth century David Garrick and Sarah Siddons were the personages who occupied these positions, and the splendid fame which they enjoyed among their cotemporaries has not suffered in lustre now that another cycle of years has elapsed. The Nineteenth century ushered in Edmund Kean, who fulfilled his mission grandly, and passed away. Since then the stage has been illumined by no other marvellous or extraordinary performer, and the second niche, which, according to the tradition of the past, should find an occupant before another hundred years begins, is still empty. True, there have been players of fine talents since Kean's time—Macready, Forrest, Cushman, and Neilson come trooping before our memory—but these were all people of a generation not destined to live for all time. Macready, the erratic scholar; Forrest, the lusty dramatic Hercules; Cushman, the masculine, forceful tragedienne; Neilson, the sweet, beautiful winning woman—these are not the figures to be taken and placed beside the Garricks, Siddons, and Keans in the gallery of Dramatic Genuises.

One other is wanted to complete the number which precedent demands, and to round a period of years which will go down to posterity as an era of marvellous progress in mechanics, arts, inventions, discoveries, and all the matters that mark the development and expansion of civilization and culture. Where is this second genius? We believe we can truthfully indicate her.

She is a girl of singular beauty. In height she is of medium size; her eyes are dark, and they flash with simulated anger, or fill with passionate tears at the will of their owner; her hair is of that rich brown color which good descriptive writers are fond of dwelling upon; her mouth is small but expressive, and the lineaments of the face are extremely mobile, magnificently adapted to illustrating all the passions, from the tenderest to the fiercest. She has the gift of prepossession with which Nature only endow its finest product—woman—and as to make the being perfect, mental powers of no mean order are added to these, making "a combination and a form indeed, where every god did seem to set his seal." Rapidity of acquiring knowledge, originality, love of dramatic art, youth, and above all, the presence of unquestionable theatric inspiration, are some of the more prominent qualifications that mark Margaret Mather as the coming actress—the Second Genius which the stage is waiting for.

Her success is not entirely a matter of speculation. It has been forecast by the leading critics of this country, both here and in the outlying cities, who have had ocular and aural demonstrations of her marvelous, inborn ability, and who have one and all pronounced her a prodigy, a phenomenon and the like. So she appears in their eyes. But in our humble judgment Miss Mather is something more. If she lives there is no reason why she should not eclipse all the prophesies that have been made for her future. She is not possessed of mere prematurely grown ideas and talents that will attract solely because they are mental curiosities; neither is she a prodigy nor a phenomenon. Her thoughts, movements, speech, gestures, all show the presence of an inner flame, the hot fire of which courses through her veins, and mounts to her cheeks, there to indicate the burning dramatic inclinations and capabilities that are present within. She will be an actress that is born, not made. From her own brain she originates, and draws new inspirations that are destined to upset all the old-fashioned, fogyish notions which custom and tradition have engrafted upon us, and which need to be dislodged by just such a fresh, daring spirit as this. We are not naturally enthusiastic over anybody. When we see a good thing we acknowledge its merits; when we are called upon to pass judgment upon inferior affairs we tell the truth. We do not rave over Miss Mather because she is a new toy, or because we are fond of raving over anybody, but for the reason that we can do so conscientiously, and with an almost complete assurance that our predictions will be fulfilled, and that our carefully reflected opinion will be followed by an almost certain confirmation.

Miss Mather is being well schooled. Her future manager has placed her in an atmosphere of culture and good taste, where she can pursue her studies to the best advantage. He does not hurry her upon the stage to meet with the uncertainty that assuredly attends insufficient preparation—quite the reverse. Nor does he place her in charge of an elocutionist or a "teacher" of acting, who would tinker at her until all the good that is in her is destroyed by artificial methods. She will make her *debut* in Chicago next Fall, a re-creator, for every part in her repertoire will be played without any consideration for the way Mrs. Siddons did this, or Anne Bellamy arranged that; and the public will have the great novelty, and satisfaction as well, of seeing some acting that is free and unhampered by the musty, primitive, arbitrary conceptions of generations that are dead and gone. The beauty of all this is that these new perceptions are the natural originations of a well-directed, comprehensive, logical intellect, for of such Miss Mather is undoubtedly possessed.

Some people may question J. M. Hill's policy in allowing his coming star to give recitals to the principal critics prior to her public appearance. Had not Miss Mather stood this crucial test the experiment would have been a dangerous one, but, as the result has shown, Mr. Hill's plan was astute and admirable. If we had not heard Miss Mather recite last Summer, we could not now speak with unbridled enthusiasm of her gifts and her prospects. If we had not seen her enrapture an assemblage of somewhat cynical and hypercritical journalists, we would not have believed that she could accomplish such a remarkable feat. Had we not been carried away ourselves by her brilliant achievements then, we would not be gushing over her splendid powers to-day, nor would Miss Mather's handsome face be chosen for presenting to the readers of THE MIRROR as a holiday gift, which their descendants will in all probability point to as the treasured likeness of the second dramatic genius of the nineteenth century.

We saw her act the Curse Scene from Leah with an intensity unparalleled; we watched her pass through the experiences of Juliet in a manner that fell nothing short of a revelation. Leah lived, Juliet lived before our eyes, although the actress was surrounded by none of the adjuncts or accessories of the theatre. The lack of these was not felt by the spectators, who forgot all about the little room in the Union Square Hotel, and Mr. Hill and themselves—the lost sight of all this, and the actress took them back to the time of the lovers of Mantua; they breathed another air, they felt the balmy sun or saw the heavy, oppressive storm-clouds of the Italian clime; they saw and were saddened by the unhappiness, misery, and death of the beautiful Capulet; and when Juliet fell to the floor, and hardened old Mr. Davidge, who was present, wiped his eyes and blew his nose energetically, it was just as if the first clod had fallen on a coffin in a new-made grave, and the mourners were jostling one another in their scramble for the carriages that took them home.

Could any other than a genius do this?

PROVINCIAL.

What the Player Folk are Doing All Over the Country.

NOTICE.

Correspondents will retain their present credentials, and managers are requested to recognize the same until the new form for 1881-82 is prepared, due notice of which will appear in THE MIRROR.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

ALEXANDER CAUFMANN: Cleveland, O., 26, week.

ANTHONY AND ELLIS' UNCLE TOM: Salt Lake City, Utah, 19, week; Denver, Col., Jan. 2, week.

ACME OPERA CO.: Evansville, Ind., 23; Kansas City, Mo., 26, week.

ANNIE PIXLEY: New York City, 19, two weeks.

ADA GRAY: La Salle, Ill., 22; Rock Island, 23; Davenport, Ia., 24, 26.

AUSTIN MINSTRELS: Wheeling, W. Va., 22; Steubensville, O., 23; Pittsburg, Pa., 26, week.

B. MCAULEY COMPANY: London, Ont., 24; Hamilton, 26; St. Catherines, 27; Rochester, 28, 29, 30.

BAKER AND FARRON: Cincinnati, O., 26, week; Columbus, 2, 3, 4; Dayton, 5; Indianapolis, Ind., 6, 7; St. Louis, Mo., 8, week.

BAIRD'S MINSTRELS: Wilmington, O., 22; Dayton, 23; Xenia, 24; Springfield, 26.

BOSTON IDEAL OPERA CO.: St. Louis, 19, week; Cincinnati, 26, week.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S MY GERALDINE: Hamilton, Ont., 22; London, 23, 24; Detroit, 26, week.

BIG FOUR COMB.: New York City, 19, week.

BUFFALO BILL COMB.: Philadelphia, 19, week.

CARTLAND-MURRAY COMB: Kansas City, 19, week; Topeka, Kans., 26, week.

COL. ROBINSON'S HUMPTY DUMPTY CO.: Troy, N. Y., 23.

CLAIRE SCOTT COMB.: Goldsboro, N. C., 22, 23, 24.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON: Oil City, Pa., 22; Corry, 23; Hornellsville, 24; Rochester, 26, 27, 28.

COLLIER'S BANKER'S DAUGHTER No. 1: Toledo, O., 22, 23, 24.

CONLEY-BARTON COMIC OPERA CO.: Boston, 19, week.

DUPREE AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS: Shelbyville, Tenn., 22; Rushville, 23; Connorsville, 24; Richmond, Ind., 26.

EMMA ABBOTT ENGLISH OPERA: Minneapolis, Minn., 26, 27, 28; Louisville, Ky., Jan. 2, week.

EDWIN BOOTH: Boston, Mass., 10, two weeks.

ERIC BAYLEY'S COLONEL CO.: Philadelphia, 19, week; Washington, 26, week.

EMILIE MELVILLE OPERA CO.: Indianapolis, Ind., 22, 23, 24; Fort Wayne, 26; Springfield, O., 27; Dayton, 28; Zanesville, 29; Columbus, 30, 31; Chicago, Ill., Jan. 2, week.

EDWIN CLIFFORD DRAMATIC CO.: Dewitt, Ia., 22, 23, 24; Des Moines, 26, week.

FRED B. WARDE: Atlanta, Ga., 22, 23, 24.

FAY TEMPLETON OPERA CO.: Marshall, Tex., 22; Tyler, 23, 24; Galveston, 26, 27, 28, 29; Houston, 30, 31.

FLORENCE HERBERT: Lincoln, Neb., 19, two weeks; Omaha, Jan. 3, week.

FRANK MAYO: St. Louis, 19, week; Louisville, 28, 29, 30, 31; Chattanooga, Tenn., Jan. 2, 3; Rome, Ga., 4; Selma, Ala., 5.

FORBES' DRAMATIC CO.: Des Moines, Ia., 24, 25, 26; Pueblo, Col., 27, 28; Nelon, 29; Oskaloosa, Ia., 30; Ottumwa, Jan. 1, 2.

FANNY DAVENPORT: New York City, 19, two weeks.

GRAYSON OPERA CO.: Philadelphia, 19, week.

GUS WILLIAMS: Lexington, Ky., 23; Louisville, 26, week.

GEO. H. ADAMS' HUMPTY DUMPTY TROUPE: Pittsburg, 19, week; Baltimore, 26, week.

GENEVIEVE WARD: Memphis, 19, week; New Orleans, 25, week.

GRINNELL MY WIFE COMB.: Newburyport, Mass., 23, 24; Boston, 25, week.

HILL'S JOSHUA WHITCOMB: Charleston, S. C., 22; Richmond, Va., 23, 24; Pittsburg, Pa., 26, week.

HILL'S DEACON CRANKETT CO.: Meriden, Conn., 22; So. Norwalk, 23; Stamford, 24; Rochester, 26, week; Buffalo, Jan. 2, week; Cleveland, Jan. 8, week; Pittsburg, Jan. 15, week.

HI HENRY'S PREMIUM MINSTRELS: Galesburg, Ill., 22; Kewanee, 23; Monmouth, 24; Burlington, Iowa, 26; Mount Pleasant, 27; Fairfield, 28; Ottumwa, 29; Chariton, 30; Albia, 31; Oskaloosa, Jan. 2.

HOEY-HARDIE CO.: Chicago, 18, week; Indianapolis, 26, 27, 28.

HILL'S ALL THE RAGE: Elmira, N. Y., 22; Williamsport, Pa., 23; Shamokin, 24, Wilkesbarre, 26; Pittston, 27; Danville, 28, Pottsville, 29; Harrisburg, 30; Columbia, 31; Lancaster, Jan. 2; York, 3; Reading, 4.

HERRMANN: Troy, N. Y., 22, 23, 24; Utica, 25, 27; Syracuse, 28, 29, 30, 31.

HERRE'S HEARTS OF OAK: Richmond, Ind., 23; Vincennes, 23; Evansville, 24; Indianapolis, 26, week; St. Louis, Jan. 1, week.

HAGAN'S EUROPEAN MINSTRELS: Chicago, 19, week; Milwaukee, Wis., 26 to 29.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS: Titusville, Pa., 22; Bradford, 23, 24; Elmira, 25. [illegible]: Huntington, W. Va., 23; Huntington, 26; Carrollton, Ky., 27; Ashland, 28; Portsmouth, O., 29; Marysville, Ky., 30, 31. [illegible]: Port Huron, Mich., 22; Flint, 23; Ann Arbor, 23; Fort Wayne, Ind., 24; Terre Haute, 26.

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S MULDOON'S PICNIC: Boston, Mass., 19, week.

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S COMEDY CO.: St. Louis, 19, week.

JOSEPH MURPHY: New Orleans, 19, one week.

JOHN T. RAYMOND: Chicago, 19, week; Lafayette, Ind., 25; Terre Haute, 27; Evansville, 28; Nashville, Tenn., 29, 30.

J. K. EMMET (FRITZ): New York city, 19, week.

JOHN S. CLARKE: Zanesville, O., 22; Wheeling, W. Va., 23, 24; Philadelphia, 26, two weeks.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH: New York City, 19, week.

JOE JEFFERSON: Buffalo, N. Y., 19, week; Pittsburg, Pa., 26, week.

JEFFRIES LEWIS (Two Nights in Rome): Baltimore, Md., 19, week; Boston, Mass., 26, week.

KATHERINE ROGERS: Lawrence, 22; Osage, 23, 24; Leadville, Col., 26th, week.

KIRALFY BROS. MICHEL STROGOFF: Rochester, N. Y., 22; Oswego, 23; Auburn, 24; Troy, 26, week.

KELLOGG CONCERT CO.: Indianapolis, Ind., 22; Detroit, 23 to 26.

LEAVITT'S GIGANTEAN MINSTRELS: Leavenworth, Kan., 22; Kansas City, 23, 24; St. Louis, Mo., 26, week; Cincinnati, Jan. 9, week.

LEAVITT'S RENTZ SANTLEY CO.: Wheeling, W. Va., 22; Steubenville, O., 23; Newark, 24.

LOTTA: Washington, 19, week; Cincinnati, 26, week.

LEAVITT'S RENTZ MINSTRELS: Oswego, N. Y., 27; Waverly, 28; Corning, 29; Millsboro', 30; Bath, 31; Hornellsville, Jan. 2; Warsaw, 3; Ithica, 4; Leroy, 5; Canandaigua, 6; Waterloo, 7.

LAWRENCE BARRETT: Montgomery, Ala., 22; Mobile, 23, 24; Galveston, Tex., 26, 27, 28; Houston, 29, 30, 31.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE S. KNIGHT: Fall River, Mass., 22; Newport, R. I., 23; Pawtucket, 24; Providence, 26, week.

MILTON NOBLES: Delaware, O., 22; Springfield, 23; Logansport, Ind., 24; Chicago Grand Opera House, 26, week.

MADISON SQUARE CO. (THE PROFESSOR): Chicago, Ill., 19, week; Rockford, 26; Freeport, 27; Dubuque, Ia., 28; Cedar Rapids, 29; Davenport, 30; Rock Island, Ill., 31.

MITCHELL'S PLEASURE PARTY: Reading, Pa., 22; Easton, 23; Morristown, 24; Fall River, 26; Milford, 27.

M. B. CURTIS' SAM'L OF POSEN COMB.: Louisville, Ky., 23, 24, 25; Nashville, Tenn., 26, 27, 28; Memphis, 29, 30, 31.

MADISON SQUARE HAZEL KIRKE: Crawfordsville, 22; Greencastle, 23; Columbus, Ind., 24, 25; Owensboro, Ky., 26; Henderson, 28; Terre Haute, Ind., 29; Vincennes, 30.

MARY ANDERSON: Albany, 26, week.

MY PARTNER CO. (Aldrich and Parsloe): Pittston, Pa., 22; Scranton, 23; Reading, 24; Brooklyn, 26, week.

MAGGIE MITCHELL: Rochester, N. Y., 22, 23, 24; Syracuse, 26, 27; Auburn, 28; Owego, 29; Utica, 30; Amsterdam, 31; Albany, Jan. 2, 3, 4; Troy, 5, 6, 7.

MINER ROONEY COMB.: Ft. Wayne, Ind., 22; Richmond, 23; Hamilton, O., 24; Cincinnati, 26, week; Dayton, Jan. 2; Xenia, 3; Chillicothe, 4; Columbus, 5, 6; Springfield, 7.

NEIL BURGESS CO.: Newark, O., 22; Columbus, 23, 24; Dayton, 26; Richmond, Ind., 27; Springfield, O., 28; Hamilton, 29; Lexington, Ky., 30; Frankfort, 31; Louisville, Jan. 2, 3, 4, 5.

NICK ROBERTS' H. D.: Hopkinsville, Tenn., 22; Owensboro, 23; Henderson, 24; Evansville, Ind., 26; Vincennes, 27; Madison, 28; Columbus, O., 29; Jefferson, Ind., 30; New Albany, 31; Louisville, Jan 2, week.

N. C. GOODWIN: Indianapolis, 19, week; Cincinnati, 26, week.

OLD SHIPMATES (Frank Mordaunt): Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., 19, week; Jersey City, N. J., 26, 27, 28; Paterson, 29; Newark, 30, 31; Trenton, Jan. 2.

ONE HUNDRED WIVES COMB.: Philadelphia, Pa., 19, week.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER: Canton, O., 22; Akron, 23; Warren, 24; Youngstown, 26, 27; Columbus, 28, 29, 30.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON: Jacksonville, Ill., 22; Springfield, 23; St. Louis, 25, week; Pittsburg, Jan. 2, week.

POWERS' PARAGON CO.: Detroit, Mich., 22, 23, 24.

PATTI CONCERT CO.: Hartford, 23; New York city, 29.

RICE EVANGELINE CO.: Hopkinsville 22, 23; Clarksville, 24; Little Rock, Ark., 26, 27; Texarkana, 28; Shreveport, La., 29; Marshall, Texas, 30; Palestine, 31.

ROBSON AND CRANE: Philadelphia, 19, week; Baltimore, 26, week.

ROOMS FOR RENT: Detroit, Mich., 22, 23, 24.

RICE'S OPERA CO.: Philadelphia, 19, week.

ROSE EYTINGE IN FELICIA: Toronto, Can., 22, 23, 24; Buffalo, N. Y., 26, 27, 28; Dunkirk, 29; Erie, Pa., 30; Akron, O., 31.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL: Owensville, Ky., 22 Evansville, Ind., 23; St. Louis, 25, week Chicago, Jan. 2, week.

STEELE MACKAYE CO: St. Paul, 22, 22, 24; Stillwater, 26, 27; Winona, 28, 29; Dubuque, Iowa, 30, 31; Zanesville, Ohio, Jan. 2; Wheeling, W. Va., 3, 4; Cumberland, Md., 5; Newark, N. J., 6, 7.

SALISBURY'S TROUBADOURS: Leadville, 19, week.

STRAKOSH CONCERT AND OPERA CO.: Nashville, Jan. 1; London, 2, 3; Detroit, Mich, 5, 6, 7.

TONY DENIER'S HUMPTY DUMPTY: Hagerstown, 22; Wilmington, Del., 23; Williamsburg, 26, week.

T. W. KEENE: St. Louis, 18, week.

WILBUR OPERA CO.: Brooklyn, N. Y., 19, week; Troy, 26, 27, 28; Albany, 29, 30, 31.

WILLIE EDOUIN'S SPARKS: Trenton, N. J., 22; Newark, 23, 24; Brooklyn, N. Y., 26.

WM. E. SHERIDAN DRAMATIC CO.: Victoria, B. C., 19, week; Portland, Oregon, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

BOSTON.

Edwin Booth at the Park Theatre appeared as Bertuccio, in the Fool's Revenge, Monday night—in my opinion, his best character—for criticism is disarmed before the acting of Mr. Booth, and my memory seems to take pleasure in lingering over it, in recalling that fascinating power which, through the blended effects of genius and art, he exercises over his audience. Throughout the whole play Booth is the brave, revengeful, but faltering father, mingled with the dignity of his bearing and the pathos of his voice. The feelings are permitted to have the largest play, and the most demonstrative expressions the actor is enabled to interpret with gesture and attitude, love and despair, which fills the jester's soul. In showing these varied emotions Mr. Booth displayed superb dramatic power, and his acting of Bertuccio furnished a proof—if any were needed—of the fact that he is one of the greatest of actors, and a perfect embodiment of tragic art. The cast included that charming actress, Bella Pateman, as Fiondelisa, demonstrated her superiority as a most careful, studious actress, and raised an inferior role to one of prominence by her brilliant acting. Mrs. Calvert was very fair as the Duchess. Mrs. L. Eldridge and Eva Garrick were excellent. The gentlemen in the cast cannot be complimented, as their efforts were not above mediocrity. The remainder of the week Mr. Booth appeared as Hamlet, of which it is unnecessary to speak at any length. It is a forcible and striking performance, and one with which the name of the actor is very closely connected. Large and enthusiastic audiences have attended these representations, and the present engagement is one of the most brilliant ever played here by Mr. Booth. This week, Richard III, Merchant of Venice, Hamlet and King Lear.

The coming of the actress, M'lle Rhea, was an announcement that served to place the theatrical public of Boston upon the tiptoe of expectation, but the object of their interest was placed upon so high a pinnacle that the gaze of those standing agog at the front could not reach. It certainly is not the artists' fault that she was thus heralded. That it certainly was her misfortune all will be ready to admit. She came here undoubtedly talented, but not a genius to the manor born. She had the honor of appearing before a most distinguished and cultivated audience, numbering therein the literati and culture of the city. Rhea is a beautiful woman and a natural actress. I do not wish to criticize by comparing this lady to Bernhardt or Clara Morris, but inasmuch as these ladies are well known to the public, I can scarcely refrain from calling attention to the respective force of the great actresses who, in the role of Camille, now stand unrivalled. With Rhea's performance of Adrienne it was found that she was very graceful, dressed the part splendidly, and acted in a most natural manner, being the personification of grace, and the lovely face which nature has endowed her disarms criticism, and creates a sympathetic feeling. Her action is not the result of study, but the art of connecting art is carried to a high point. The play gives but few opportunities for the display of the emotional. The lady showed no magnetic force and the scenes fell flat, and the death of Adrienne went for nothing. To sum up in a few works, Rhea is a very pleasing actress and attractive woman, but cannot succeed as a star for many years to come. I wish her all success—and I am sure she is deserving of it—which will come to her in good time. Mr. Gotthold and Edwin Varrey did some good work, and their performances were much admired. This week, Comley and Barton's company in Madame Favart.

The cosy Windsor did fair business last week with Jay Rial's Uncle Tom's Cabin party. The performance was a good one, and received much praise.

The performance given by the Bijou Opera company at the Gaiety last week is not worthy of criticism. Performance and all connected with the affair were bad—very bad—and I am safe in saying that the Spectre Knight and Charity Begins at Home never received such vile treatment.

Items: Kate Fletcher, late of the Janauschek combination, is visiting friends in this city.—The Black Crook will follow Comley and Barton at the Globe Theatre. Kate Castleton will probably be the Stalacta.—Mlle. Patti's last concert here was a tremendous success, every inch of standing room in the spacious Music Hall being taken by the most enthusiastic audiences of the season.—Mirian O'Leary will be the Lady Angela in Patience with the Boston Museum company during their tour throughout the country. Rose Stella was compelled by sickness to relinquish her role of Patience to Emily Pearl during the latter part of last week.—Mme. Eme Roseau has been in the city for a few days.—Hanlon-Lees will shortly appear at the Globe Theatre.—Emma Bonney, who translated Alexander, now being played at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is the daughter of the late Count Joannes, and also sister of Avonia Jones. Mrs. Bonney has resided in Italy since 1868, where her daughter Avonia has been singing at the principal opera houses.—It is possible that Patti will appear here again in the Spring. Her success was very great.—Manager Stetson returned to New York on Sunday.—William Bingham will take Fred Stinson's place with Mr. Stetson's company that is now playing Patience on the road.—May Shaw, late of the Boston Museum, has been promoted in Fanny Davenport's company to fill the position formerly held by May Davenport.—Helen E. H. Carter has retired from the operatic stage, and will in the future devote her time to concerts and traveling.—John E. Ince, who has made such a success as Jolnet in Michael Strogoff, informs me that the statement made by Samuel Colville in a dramatic contemporary is entirely untrue. Mr. Ince says Mr. Colville was in Boston but twenty-four hours, having arrived on Friday, the 9th inst. Mr. Ince called on him Saturday morning in reference to back salary, and was told in a very arrogant manner that Colville owed him nothing. Prior to that Ince had written Colville four letters, which received no attention whatever. At that the claim was placed in the hands of a New York lawyer for collection, but Ince was advised to wait until Mr. Colville came to this city, where a formal interview could be held, which Mr. Ince could avail himself of. When Colville came here, after receiving a refusal to pay the money that Mr. Ince claimed was due him, he caused the arrest of Colville as protection for his money. Ince thinks he has acted fairly in the matter, and resorted to legal measures when others failed.

CHICAGO.

McVicker's Theatre (J. H. McVicker, manager): John T. Raymond in Fresh has done good business.

Grand Opera House, (J. A. Hamlin, manager): The Emma Abbott Opera company has appeared in a variety of light and grand opera during the past week.

Haverly's Theatre (J. H. Haverly, manager): The Emelie Melville company during the past week have appeared to good business.

Hooley's Theatre (R. M. Hooley, manager): John A. Stevens in Unknown has played to a week of light business.

Items: Mr. Palmer will play his next Chicago engagement at Haverly's Theatre.—Fanny Herring, juvenile as ever, played Little Buckshot at the National last week.—Louise Terrand, the elocutionist, wants to star, and is negotiating with a city manager for an appearance.—Frank Frayne has saved enough this season to buy a fine house and lot in Wabash avenue.—Adelaide Elliott, who has left three companies in the lurch thus far this season, has started out with a new backer, supported by G. W. Chase's company. The members of her last company had just succeeded in reaching the city, when the new organization started out.—W. R. Hayden, Tom Keene's manager, was in the city last week, and reports his star as doing big business through the South.—The rumors that Mike McDonald, the well known sporting man, will build a theatre in this city to cost $175,000, seem to be unfounded.—Rochelle, a lady of talent and magnificent appearance, has secured a good manager who is engaging a company to take the road in first class shape.

BALTIMORE.

Holliday Street Theatre (John W. Albaugh, manager): Lotta commenced a week's engagement Monday night to an audience which filled the theatre in every part; throughout the entire week even standing room has been at a premium. During the engagement of such attractions as Lotta and Joe Emmett, the demand for seats is considerably in excess of the accommodation. Lotta returned to us looking better than we have seen her for some time. Time deals so leniently with her that it seems to add to her attractiveness, and her acting is as charming and agile as it was years ago. The company, all in all, was excellent. P. A. Anderson is a character actor of high order and as Atalanta in Musette received a well-merited call before the curtain, the character of Quilp, in Little Nell, assumed in his hands a rare degree of prominence. C. H. Bradshaw and C. D. Brainbridge rendered most efficient support, and Florence Noble deserves commendable notice for good acting. The plays during the week were Little Detective, Little Nell and Musette.

Ford's Opera House (John T. Ford, proprietor): It is to be regretted that such a well balanced company as Mitchell's Pleasure Party did not meet with a heartier reception; although business on some evenings was quite good, it was not what the merits of the company should have drawn. Next week, Jeffreys Lewis in Two Nights in Rome.

Academy of Music (Samuel W. Fort, manager): J. A. Stevens' Comic Opera company divided the week between Twelve Jolly Bachelors and the Mascotte to fair business. Jeannie Winston, always a favorite here, acted her part of the Chief of the Bachelors delightfully, and as Pippo made a decided hit. Amy Gordon sang and acted equally well.

Monumental Theatre (Ad Kernan, manager): A very good straight variety programme was offered this week, Next week, Hyde and Behman's Specialty company.

Front Street Theatre (Dan. Kelly, manager): The attandance has been above the average and the bill embraced some attractive features.

Items: Geistinger's engagement at the Concordia Opera House last week was pronouced success. Saturday matinee she played for the benefit of the sufferers by the Vienna horror. Mme. Geistinger made her debut at that theatre.—The Academy of Music has nothing billed for next week. The cantata of the Flower Queen will be given 19th for charitable benefit.—Harry Meyer, of Mahn's Comic Opera Company, is home this week.

ST. LOUIS.

Olympic Theatre (Charles A. Spalding, manager): The Goodwins in Hobbies ran to 17th when The Member of Slocum was given to a large house. It achieved a success, and all the members of the company were excellent in their parts. Frank Mayo in Macbeth 18th.

Grand Opera House (J. W. Norton, manager): The World has rather light houses for several nights early in the week. Business has increased perceptibly, however, for the last few nights. J. W. Keene in Richard III, 18th.

People's Theatre (Mitchell and Robertson, proprietors): This house has been crowded every night to see Minnie Palmer and Robert E. Graham in My Sweetheart. The piece is not a bulky one, but serves the purpose excellently of introducing the stars in their specialties. Hyde and Behman's Muldoon's Picnic 18th.

Pope's Theatre (Chas. A. Pope, manager): John S. Clarke has played a good engagement, appearing as Major De Boots, Dr. Pangloss, Toodles, Paul Pry, etc., to very brilliant houses. The Boston Ideals in Fatinitza 19th.

Items: Nat Goodwin had a rencontre with a well known man about town a few evenings ago over a game of billiards. Nat hit him in the face two or three times, but his blows made but little impression. His opponent pinioned him, and told him not to make a dashed fool of himself as the stage was waiting for him. It was then about 8:10 p. m.—A suit is in progress between a colored man and the Grand Opera House management. The darkey had bought seats in the parquette but was refused admission.—Quite a little feeling has been aroused through the publication of a statement regarding the intentions of the Building Commissioner to enforce the requirements of the law at the Olympic. Manager Spalding claims that his theatre is really one of the safest in the country.—The Kellogg concerts opened successfully, and the last was given 17th. The concerts were splendid in all particulars.

PHILADELPHIA.

There is a varied theatrical programme this week, but there is nothing very startling about it. The musical programme includes Patti concerts on Tuesday and Friday evenings, the Mendelssohn Club concert, and the Cecelian's rendition of the Messiah, a pretty good array for one week.

The week before Christmas at the theatres ought to be a pretty good one, but truth compels the statement that as a rule the attractions are pretty well worn. Buffalo Bill at the Walnut will suit the boys, but Buffalo is hardly æsthetic enough to suit the average theatre goer.

Rice's Comique company is playing Patience at the Opera House; Twelve Jolly Bachelors doing La Mascotte at the Eighth; The Colonel is continued at the Lyceum, and Blind Man's Buff at the Chestnut. The Arch brings out One Hundred Wives. Wood's The New Magdalen, and the National has a Circus upon its stage. The Patience company from Booth's is coming over next week to give the original.

CINCINNATI.

Grand Opera House (R. E. J. Miles, manager): Success attend the engagement of Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels throughout the past week. Emerson's withdrawal weakens the troupe perceptibly.

Robinson's Opera House (R. E. J. Miles, manager): Collier's Banker's Daughter combination, if the attendance of the past week be taken as a criterion, will shortly be forced to make a sight draft on the parental exchequer. Adele Belgarde who assumes the role of Lillian, possesses none of the requisites of a thorough artiste. Manager Collier has concluded to dispense with Belgarde, and Florence Blackburn White, who was afforded a trial at a matinee 17th, will probably assume the leading female roles in future.

Heuck's Opera House (James Collins, manager): Milton Nobles closed a fairly profitable week 17th. Dolly Wolverine (Nobles) strengthened the cast 16th and 17th, and was warmly received by old friends. Mme. Geistinger makes her debut 19th in Boccaccio. The price of seats has been fixed at $1.50 during the engagement.

Coliseum Opera House (F. Buehmann, manager): Minnie Oscar Grey and W. S. Stephens in Swift and Sure, assisted by three dogs, closed 17th.

Vine Street Opera House (Thos. E. Snelbaker, manager): Charley Smith, whose benefit eventuates 23d, is looking after the business management of the Gold Mine in the absence of Col. Snelbaker, and is furnishing a decidedly enjoyable programme.

Items: John B. McCormick, recently Fred Paulding's business manager, is again city editor of the *Enquirer*.—The Gerster and Cary concerts, 12th and 15th, were well attended.—There are 4416 seats in Music Hall, each and every one of which have been sold for the rendition of The Messiah, 25th.—It is the prevailing opinion that $20,000 will be realized from the entertainment on that evening.—Bob Miles has sued for injunction restraining Marie Geistinger's appearance at Heuck's on the ground of priority of contract. The merits of the appeal will be legally investigated, 19th.

BROOKLYN.

Haverly's Brooklyn Theatre (J. H. Haverly, manager): Robson and Crane hold over for one more week at this house in Sharps and Flats. Next week, Aldrich and Parsloe in My Partner.

Park Theatre (Col. W. E. Sinn, manager): A genuine treat of Mascotte is given this week by the Wilbur Opera company. Next week, Willie Edouin's Sparks company in Dreams.

Academy of Music (David Taylor, manager): Barton will give Patience.

Standard Theatre (Hyde and Behman, manager): The appearance this week of Frank Roche brings back to the memory of old play goers pleasant reminiscences of the palmy days of the old Brooklyn Theatre, under the management of Mrs. Conway. Frank is an old favorite here, and the star for the present at the above house.

Grand Opera House (James Vincent, manager): Crossin's Combination company is playing a Celebrated Case. Its revival has been a successful hit for the management. Next week, Cinderella at School.

Hyde and Behman's Theatre (Hyde and Behman, managers): A long and strong bill, as usual, and immense business, of course, at this house. A change of bill every week.

BROOKLYN, E. D.

Novelty Theatre (Theall and Williams, managers): Frank Mordaunt and his Old Shipmates this week. This is their first appearance in Brooklyn, and they received a hearty reception. Tony Denier's H. D. Christmas week.

NEW ORLEANS.

Academy of Music (David Bidwell, manager): Denman Thompson as Joshua Whitcomb 11th. It gave unfeigned satisfaction. Business has not been as large as the star and company deserved. Next week, Joseph Murphy.

St. Charles Theatre (David Bidwell, manager): Hazel Kirke was produced for a week's run 11th; large houses have been the invariable rule. Next week, Baron Seeman in feats of magic.

Grand Opera House (Brooks, Conner and Norton, lessees): This elegant place of amusement was re-opened 11th by Maurice Grau's French Opera company, with Paola Marie as the bright, particular star. This company remain for another week.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN JOSE.

California Theatre (G. W. Williams, manager): Alvin Joslin company, 5th, to crowded house; moderately satisfactory performance.

COLORADO.

DENVER.

Tabor Grand Opera House (W. H. Bush, manager): Prof. Seeman closed 10th a fair week's business. Salsbury's Troubadours 13th to the largest audience of the season; Alvin Joslin the next attraction.

Palace Theatre (Ed. Chase, proprietor): The usual variety performance.

Item: Perry Brothers benefited 9th to big house, and were each presented with silver water pitcher by theatre employes.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD.

Roberts' Opera House (W. H. Roberts, manager): The Vokes 13th and 14th to moderate attendance. Haverly's Strategists 16th to light house.

American Theatre (W. S. Ross, manager): Show and business first class.

NEW HAVEN.

Carll's Opera House (Peter R. Carll, proprietor): Vokes, 15th, to a large and delighted audience. Graham's Big Four, 16th, 17th, in variety, but being strangers got only a cool welcome.

New Haven Opera House (John N. Near, manager): Skiff's California Minstrels, 14th and 15th, to fair business. Alexander Caufman, another stranger to us, came 16th and 17th, playing Lazare to very small business.

Grand Opera House (Clark Peck, proprietor): Prof. Cadwell in mesmeric entertainment, to fair business.

American Theatre (W. S. Ross, manager): Business good during week. This week Specialty company, No. 12.

Parlor Opera House: Coming in as the fifth theatre here, this house is crowded at every performance; a clean and good dime show.

Items: Manager Near's stock company opens January 2, not June, as you set up my last. Miss Cummings is not leading lady, but the star, and will not play when the regular company supports any other star.—The Vokes' performed without any orchestra at Carll's. Caufman had none the 16th, and a violin and piano, 17th. There seems to be a general orchestra strike going on.—Geo. Riddle read one night to $13, and gave up his second date. His elocution, however, was fine.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON.

National Theatre (John W. Albaugh, manager): Fanny Davenport last week to fair business as Rosalind, Camille, Lady Teazle, Imogen, Lady Macbeth, Nancy Sykes and Lady Gay Spanker. Manager Albaugh appeared, for her benefit, Friday night, as Macbeth. Lotta 19th.

Ford's Opera House (John T. Ford, manager): Frank Mordaunt in Old Shipmates last week to small houses, except first night. Nothing this week. A long list of attractions follow The Colonel, which comes 26th.

Items: Blanche Roosevelt's concert 12th was very successful.—Alice Atherton is very ill at the National Hotel.

GEORGIA.

ATLANTA.

De Give's Opera House (L. DeGive, manager): Joseffy, Laura Bellini, and Ferd Dalcken, gave concert 12th to crowded house; Comley-Barton Opera company 13th and 14th, with matinee 14th (business not stated). Hess Acme Opera company returned for four nights 15th to immense houses.

Items: Adelaide Randall, of the Acme Opera company, was quite ill here, and Emma Elsner took the part of Bettina, which she played very acceptably.—Marie Bowen, of New York fame, formerly with the Bergers, has been in the city for several days, and will shortly appear.

AUGUSTA.

Augusta Opera House (N. R. Butler, manager): Claire Scott 15th and 16th to fair houses.

MACON.

Ralston Hall (Turpin and Ogden, managers): Claire Scott played to fair houses 12th and 13th in Camille and Leah. Bosco, magician, 15th to only moderate business.

Masonic Hall (McVay and Irvine, managers): Several first-class concert companies booked for January and February.

ILLINOIS.

BELLEVILLE.

City Park (William Jungen, manager): Fay Templeton in The Mascotte to good business 10th.

BLOOMINGTON.

Opera House (Tillotson and Fell, manager): Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Goodwin in Hobbies the 10th to a large audience. Steele Mackaye in Won at Last 14th to a fine house. Ada Gray in East Lynne 15th to a small audience.

Durley Hall (Tillotson and Fell, managers): Nothing at this house since 3d, when Haverly's Mastodons were the attraction.

Item: Ada Gray made a speech during the play when here, in which she gave the critics of the *Sunday Eye* her opinion of him for calling her a "barnstormer." No blood.

DANVILLE.

Lincoln Opera House (Leslie Davis, manager): Ada Gray 14th to good house; Oliver Doud Byron 16th; only fair house.

Gaiety (John Long, manager): Good show this week; Caught in His Own Trap, a society drama, by the stage manager, Harry De Lair, was presented for the first time 15th, and met with a satisfactory reception.

JACKSONVILLE.

Strawn's Opera House (Hugh B. Smith, manager): B., W., P. and W.'s Minstrels to crowded house 12th. Kellogg Concert company 15th to standing room only.

LA SALLE.

Opera Hall (F. Borngasser, manager): C. H. Smith's Uncle Tom's Cabin 21st. Ada Gray 22d.

PARIS.

Opera House (L. A. G. Shoaff, manager): Hi Henry's Minstrels 12th to good house; Ada Gray combination 13th, also good house; Nick Roberts' Humpty Dumpty 15th to full house.

SPRINGFIELD.

Chatterton's Opera House (J. H. Freeman, manager): B., W., P. and W. minstrels, 13th; a good show to a large audience. Kellogg and company in concert, 14th, to a large audience.

Adelphia Theatre: Business for the past week light.

Item: Englehardt's Whale closed a poor week's business, 11th.

INDIANA.

GREENCASTLE.

Nick Roberts' Humpty Dumpty troupe 14th to a fair-sized audience. The clowns are novel, but no improvement upon minstrelsy.

KOKOMA.

Opera House (H. E. Henderson, manager): Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels 14th to good business; company only moderate. A local company under the supervision of Mrs. Reese Haskett, nee Emma Webb, dramatic reader, appeared 16th in Success, a drama written by Mrs. Haskett, to fair house.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Dickson's Grand Opera House (J. B. and G. A. Dickson, manager): The Gerster Opera company gave Il Trovatore and Lucia de Lamermoor to large business. Balance of the week, Hague's English Minstrels to fair business.

English's Opera House (Will. E. English, manager): Hyde and Behman company in Muldoon's Picnic appeared 15th, 16th, and 17th to fair business.

Items: In a recent issue of THE MIRROR your correspondent misquoted the dramatic critic's name of the *Times*, crediting its excellency to Mr. Wheeler, when it should be Jas. V. Cook.—The Elks will hold a grand reception to its returning delegates from the Grand Lodge at their lodge rooms on the night of the 26th.

LAFAYETTE.

Grand Opera House (F. E. D. McGinley, manager): Rentz-Santley combination to crowded house 10th; Ada Gray in East Lynne gave satisfaction to fair audience 12th; Oliver Doud Byron in Across the Continent 14th to a good house; B., W., P. and W.'s gave the finest minstrel performance ever witnessed in Lafayette 15th; the house was packed to the doors.

NEW ALBANY.

New Albany Opera House (J. Harbenson, manager): Herne's Hearts of Oak to standing room only; first-class performance and general satisfaction. Prof. Anderson, the wizard, gave a sleight-of-hand performance 14th.

PERU.

Concord Theatre (L. M. Clark, manager): Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels played to a good house 13th. Company only fair. At the concert room 16th, A. J. Knight's Combination drew a good audience; entertainment only fair.

RICHMOND.

Phillips' Opera House (N. J. C. Watts, manager): Hayne's Minstrels did a good business 14th, giving excellent satisfaction. Hazel Kirke came 17th; audience large and delighted.

Grand Opera House (J. J. Russell, manager): Rentz-Santley company packed this house to overflowing 14th; a good entertainment. The Dash combination played to poor business 16th and 17th.

TERRE HAUTE.

Opera House (H. M. Smith, manager): Lawrence Barrett in The Merchant of Venice and David Garrick 13th before a very large audience, who testified their appreciation of the great tragedian by calls before the curtain. The support is above the average. The Miner-Rooney combination in a good variety performance 14th to very large business. Oliver Doud Byron in Across the Continent 17th to large business.

VINCENNES.

Green's Opera House (Wm. Green, manager): Miner and Rooney 16th to good business.

IOWA.

BURLINGTON.

Grime's Opera House (R. M. Washburn, manager): Hoey and Hardy's company played Diplomacy, 14th, to a medium but fashionable audience. This excellent company deserves the highest praise. Anthony and Ellis' Uncle Tom company to a packed house, 15th.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Dohany's Opera House (John Dohany, manager): Katherine Rogers, 10th, to moderate business. Florence Herbert combination, 12th, one week, to fair business. Miss Herbert is a very clever actress and her support is excellent.

CEDAR RAPIDS.

Greene's Opera House (C. G. Greene manager): Hoey and Hardy in Child of the State, 12th, to well pleased audiences.

DAVENPORT.

Burtis' Opera House (Howard Burtis, proprietor): Boston Ideals in Fatinitza 15th to $1000 house.

DES MOINES.

Academy of Music (Wm. Foster, manager): Hoey-Hardie combination 9th and 10th in Diplomacy and Child of the State to big business, and one of the finest shows that has ever visited Des Moines. Helen Potter's Pleiades to full house and every one pleased.

Moore's Opera House (W. W. Moore, manager): Leavitt's Minstrels 15th to good business.

IOWA CITY.

Opera House (John Coldren, manager): Hoey-Hardie combination in A Child of the State to fair audience; show good.

MARSHALLTOWN.

Woodbury Opera House (A. G. Glick, manager): Waite and Ray's Dramatic company to fair business 8th, 9th and 10th. M. B. Leavitt's Gigantean Minstrels to a good house giving an excellent entertainment.

KANSAS.

ATCHISON.

Corinthian Opera House (Thomas Mulverhill, manager): Katherine Rogers 14th and 15th in Clarice and Led Astray to poor business; good actress, with fair support.

TOPEKA.

Crawford's Opera House (L. Crawford, manager): The Hasenwinkle Dramatic company in Celebrated Case and M'liss 14th and 15th; business same; company light.

Lukens' Theatre (S. E. Lukens, manager): Kendall Comedy company 19th for three nights.

KENTUCKY.

PADUCAH.

St. Clair Hall (Lamdin and Halloran, managers): The Fay Templeton Opera company in Mascotte to good business. Fay is one of the most gifted and charming young actresses before the public.

MARYLAND.

HAGERSTOWN.

Academy of Music (Edward W. Mealey, manager): Austin's Minstrels, 5th, to good house; poor show. Muldoon and Whistler Athletes' combination billed to appear 16th, failed to come; presumably busted.

MASSACHUSETTS.

CHELSEA.

Academy of Music (J. B. Field, manager): The DeMont company in a concert, 11th, to a satisfied audience but a small one. The Vokes, 12th, to a good house; performance nothing extra. Ben Maginley in Deacon Crankett, 15th, to good business; performance good.

Items: It is rumored that a Chelsea man of wealth is about to purchase the Academy and remodel it.—Fred Marston, of this city, will sing in grand opera next season.

TAUNTON.

Music Hall (A. B. White, proprietor): Hyde and Behman's Muldoon's Picnic, to an immense house, 15th; performance not generally satisfactory.

WORCESTER.

Music Hall (R. M. Reynolds, manager): Deacon Crankett, 12th, to fair house; deserving of better patronage. Hyde and Behman's Muldoon's Picnic, 15th, to light business.

MICHIGAN.

ADRIAN.

Opera House (Chas. Humphrey, manager): The Harrisons in Photos 12th to a large house.

DETROIT.

Whitney's Grand Opera House: Only attraction in the legitimate for the week was B. McAuley in his Messenger from Jarvis Section; well received as usual.

Detroit Opera House (Charles A. Shaw, manager): Owing to Rhea and The Professor not coming to time there was nothing at this house the past week. The present week Sam'l of Posen and Rooms for Rent.

Park Theatre: Hyde and Behman's Muldoon's Blunder company did an immense business at this place past week.

EAST SAGINAW.

Academy of Music (S. G. Clay, manager): M. B. Curtis, in Sam'l of Posen, drew a big house 15th. The Harrisons in Photos 19th.

GRAND RAPIDS.

Powers' Opera House (W. H. Powers, manager): The Abbott Opera company played Lucia, 10th, to a $1011 house, and gave satisfaction. Prof. David Swing, of Chicago, lectured on the "Useful and Beautiful," 17th, before a large audience. M. B. Curtis in Sam'l of Posen, 13th and 14th, to good business. The Harrisons in Photos, 16th and 17th, to only fair house; the performance, however, was light and meaningless.

KALAMAZOO.

Kalamazoo Opera House (Chase and Solomon, manager): Harrison's Photos 15th to fair business. They gave a pleasing entertainment, although their piece has no merit.

MISSOURI.

KANSAS CITY.

Court House (M. H. Hudson, manager): Kellogg Concert company, 12th and 13th, to the largest audience of the season; concert highly enjoyed.

ST. JOSEPH.

Tootle's Opera House (C. F. Craig, manager) Frank Mayo 12th, 13th and 14th, with matinee, to very fair business; an excellent company. Miss Clancey is making a decided hit as Virginia and Parthenia.

Items: Roshelle is in the city. She leaves soon for a three years' cruise in Australia.—Manager Gardiner, of the Mayo company, says they played to an average of $800 per night in Omaha.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MANCHESTER.

Manchester Opera House (E. W. Harrington, manager): Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight in Baron Rudolph 12th drew a fair audience; company good. J. H. Stoddard in lecture 13th to a very large audience.

PORTSMOUTH.

Music Hall: Carreno-Donaldi Operatic concert, 12th, to fair house. Deacon Crankett company, 14th. Boylston Star troupe in variety to a large audience, 16th. Grinnell Dramatic company in My Wife, 22d, to moderate business.

NEW JERSEY.

JERSEY CITY.

Academy of Music: An unusually attractive bill is published for this week. Mr. and Mrs. Florence opened Monday in The Mighty Dollar to first-class business, the same performance being given on Tuesday and Ticket-of-Leave-Man Wednesday. Rice's Opera Comique company give Patience 22, 23 and 24, with matinee on Saturday. Business promises to be good during the holidays.

ORANGE.

Orange Music Hall (G. P. Kingsley, manager): The Thomas Concert 15th was a grand success. Patience 21st drew a crowded house.

Library Hall: The Molly Maguires drew a crowded audience 19th and 20th.

TRENTON.

Taylor's Opera House (John Taylor, manager): Gorman's Church Choir company in Patience, 12th, to a large and delighted audience. Mary Anderson, 13th, in Julia, to a crowded house. Gosche-Hopper company, 14th, to a light house. Barry and Fay's Comedy company, 17th, to a large house.

NEW YORK.

AUBURN.

Academy of Music (E. J. Matson, manager): Willie Edouin's Sparks 12th to a large audience. Wilbur Opera company in The Mascotte 15th to good business. Remenyi Concert 17th to fair business.

Opera House (A. Shimer, manager): Miner's Little Four combination to a crowded house.

BROCKPORT.

Ward's Opera House (Geo. R. Ward, manager): Neil Burgess as Widow Bedott 14th to a large house. Cal Wagner's Minstrels 15th to good house.

BUFFALO.

Academy of Music (Meech Bros., proprietors): The Aldrich Parsloe combination in My Partner drew crowded houses during the past week.

St. James Hall (C. G. Flint, lessee): The Kiralfy Brothers gave Michel Strogoff to a large house 19th.

The Adelphi (Joe Lang, manager): The Jolly Pathfinders for one week commencing 9th.

ITHACA.

Wilgus Opera House (H. L. Wilgus, proprietor): Remenyi 12th to fair house was enthusiastically received; the Rankins in The Danites 17th to a large house.

ONEIDA.

Opera House (Captain Remick, manager): Remenyi Concert company 16th to a large audience.

OWEGO.

Wilson Hall (S. F. Fairchild, manager): New York Minstrels gave a good entertainment 12th to poor business. Remenyi gave one of his fine concerts 18th to the largest house of the season.

ROCHESTER.

Corinthian Academy of Music (Arthur Leutchford, manager): Neil Burgess in Widow Bedott, to light house, 12th. The Wilbur Opera company drew large audiences 13th and 14th. Rose Eytinge in Felicia, to fair business, 15th, 16th and 17th.

Grand Opera House (Jos. Gobay, manager): Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau did a light business 13th and 14th, in Camille and Kit. Patience, by the Comley-Barton company, 16th and 17th, gave satisfaction.

Item: Brooks and Dickson, lessees of the Grand, have instructed Manager Gobay, their representative, to institute an action against Bartley Campbell for breach of contract. Mr. Campbell had entered into an agreement to produce My Geraldine at the Grand, 7th and 8th, but for reasons not known, canceled without notice, consequently the house remained closed upon those dates. Mr. Gobay has been unable to get any information from Mr. Campbell regarding a settlement; hence suit will be commenced as indicated.

TROY.

Griswold Opera House (S. M. Hickey, manager): Rice's Patience troupe 12th and 13th to large audiences. Haverly's Strategists 14th and 15th to fair business, as did Howard's U. T. C. troupe 16th and 17th.

Rand's Opera House (Preston and Powers, managers): The Comedy Four company come 20th.

Grand Central Theatre (C. S. Gray & Co., managers): A large company appears nightly to paying audiences.

UTICA.

Utica Opera House (Theo. L. Yates, manager): Rose Eytinge in Felicia 13th to good business; no better company has been seen in Utica this season. Willie Edouin's Sparks company in Dreams 14th gave one of the liveliest entertainments of the season. All of the 1700 seats were filled, and many had to stand. Rice's Opera Comique company in Patience 15th; the opera was pretty badly mangled. Harry Miner's Comedy Four 17th to a fair audience; the performance was of the variety sort, and gave satisfaction.

NORTH CAROLINA.

CHARLOTTE.

Charlotte Opera House (L. W. Sanders, manager): Comley-Barton company in Olivette 15th to the largest house of the season —$450.

OHIO.

CHILLICOTHE.

Masonic Opera House (Phil Klein, manager): Alf Burnett's combination in Our Club to a fair-sized audience 15th; company good.

Item: Masonic Hall will hereafter be called Masonic Opera House.

CLEVELAND.

Euclid Opera House (L. G. Hanna, manager): The Professor was welcomed last week by very fair houses, and his spasmodic attempts at love-making proved very enjoyable. The play is extremely light in texture.

Academy of Music (John A. Ellsler, manager): Only a Farmer's Daughter attracted good attendance week of 12th, and Lillian Cleves' impersonation of a scheming adventuress was pronounced a fine effort. The support was uniformly good, including, as it did, Bertha Welby and Elliott Barnes. The ladies' dresses were simply marvelous.

Items: Bartley Campbell was in town for a few days looking after the interests of his Galley Slave company.—C. R. Gardiner paid us a flying visit last week.

DAYTON.

Music Hall (Chas. D. Mead, manager): George H. Adams 12th in Own Humpty Dumpty to a crowded house; Lawrence Barrett 14th in Julius Cæsar to a good house; Hazel Kirke No. 2 to good business.

Gebhart's Hall (L. H. Reist, manager): Marion Gray 16th and 17th to fair business.

Memorial Hall (M. Chapman, manager): Barrack's Band 15th to good business.

NEWARK.

Opera House (J. H. Miller, manager): Haverly's Mastodons 14th to fair house.

Opera House (J. H. Miller, manager): Adams' H. D. to crowded house.

PORTSMOUTH.

Opera House (John Wilhelm, proprietor): Madison Square Theatre company in Hazel Kirke 12th to crowded house; everybody delighted. Alf Burnett in Our Club 14th to light house; he deserved better. B. F. Smith's Star combination 15th; a snap show from Cincinnati; receipts, $20; does not deserve to be patronized.

SPRINGFIELD.

Grand Opera House (Sam Waldman, manager): Lawrence Barrett, 15th, in Richelieu, to a large house. Fun on the Bristol, 16th, to good business. Rentz-Santly company are turning people away to-night (17th).

Items: Messrs. Coffin and Cain have commenced the erection of a new opera hall in the central part of the city. The house will be 40x100 with a seating capacity of 1000. Only first class combinations and stars will be played. Marsh Adams will, in all probability, be stage manager, and J. Frank Lasley, treasurer. The house will be ready to open the last of January.

TOLEDO.

Wheeler's Opera House (C. J. Whitney, manager): A large audience attended the first reception of the Toledo Press Club. The opening address was delivered by D. R. Locke (Nasby) in his usual happy style, and the selections following introduced our best local talent in musical and elocutionary exercises.

URBANA.

Bennett's New Opera House: Sam Hague's British Minstrels 12th and 13th to good business.

XENIA.

Buffalo Bill 13th to a $600 house. Play boisterous and bloodthirsty. Haverly's Minstrels 14th to $150. They would have had a better house, but our people remembered that last season, in order to catch a train they gave a poor and hurried show. Consequently they didn't patronize this. Hazel Kirke No. 2 (legitimate) 15th to a $500 house; entertainment highly relished. Rentz-Santley company 16th to a $50 house. Fun on the Bristol 16th to good business; show clever.

ZANESVILLE.

Opera House: Buffalo Bill combination to large house 13th; Jarrett and Rice's Fun on the Bristol 14th to fair audience.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ASHLAND.

Ashland Opera House (T. F. Barron, manager): Eaton's All the Rage company will appear here 27th, having had to cancel Pittston on account of small pox.

BRADFORD.

Wagner Opera House (Wagner and Reis, proprietors): Hill's All the Rage drew a medium house 14th; Comley and Barton Opera company in Patience 15th to a large audience; Maggie Mitchell 16th and 17th to the largest houses of the season; a portion of the gallery was reserved, so great was the demand for seats. Miss Mitchell's support was excellent. A Mabel Heath combination is booked for the 26th and 27th. From information received your correspondent thinks that it is the same barnstorming concern that is traveling under the name of the Sterling Comedy company. The play to be produced is announced as a companion to Hazel Kirke.

HARRISBURG.

Opera House (H. J. Steel, manager): Rice's Opera company in Patience 13th to a small audience; Mahn's Opera company in Boccaccio 14th to a good house; Muldoon and Whistler combination 15th did not show only about two dozen people in the house.

LANCASTER.

Fulton Opera House (B. Yecker, proprietor): Lillie Hinton, supported by Wood's Museum company, played Leah, the Forsaken, 12th to light business. Mascotte by Mahn's Opera company 13th to light business. Patience for the first time here 16th by Rice's company to a good house. Hartz, magician, 17th gave a light show to poor business.

NEWCASTLE.

Opera House (R. M. Allen, manager): Hyde and Behman's Muldoon's Picnic to crowded house 13th.

OIL CITY.

Grand Opera House (Wagner and Reis, managers): Powers' Paragon company in My Geraldine 13th to poor business. Maggie Mitchell in Little Savage 14th to large audience. Hill's All the Rage 17th delighted a good house.

PITTSBURG.

Opera House (John A. Ellsler, manager): Gus Williams in Wanted, a Carpenter, played to light business last week.

Library Hall (Fred. A. Parker, manager): Charlotte Thompson closed a few weeks business 17th.

Williams' Academy (H. W. Williams, manager): A large business was done at this house last week.

Items: Leavitt's Hyers' Sisters combination showed in our surrounding towns last week to good business.—Theatrical agents say it ruins a lady star's wardrobe to play in this city. Too much soot and dust on the stage carpet.—J. W. Collier passed through the city 14th, en route to Cincinnati, to join his Banker's Daughter combination.

PITTSTON.

Music Hall: All dates cancelled until some time in January or February, on account of smallpox raging in town.

SCRANTON.

Academy of Music (C. H. Lansing, manager): Nick Roberts' Humpty Dumpty to large house. No good. Kit the Arkansas Traveler 16th to large business.

SHENANDOAH.

Academy of Music (P. J. Ferguson, proprietor): H. D. Grover's Humpty Dumpty booked for 12th did not appear. No name assigned.

TITUSVILLE.

Parshall Opera House (James Parshall, proprietor): Maggie Mitchell to large audience 15th.

WILLIAMSPORT.

Academy of Music (Wm. G. Elliott, proprietor): Prof. Hartzman 14th to large audience; Nick Roberts Pantomime 15th to big business.

RHODE ISLAND.

NEWPORT.

Bull's Opera House (Henry Bull, manager): The Grinells gave a fair show to very poor business and the consequence was free passes out of town two days later. Jeffreys Lewis in Two Nights in Rome drew a very poor house 15th, though the performance was very good.

TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS.

Leubrie's Theatre (Jos. Brooks, manager): Joseph Murphy three nights 12th played to fair business; Sol Smith Russell 15th, 16th, 17th and matinee to fair business.

Zoo Zoo Theatre: Mixed bill by Lottie Pearl Comly to only fair houses.

Item: Major Pond, manager Kellogg Concert company, was in town last week. The troupe will appear at Greenlaw Opera House January 2.

NASHVILLE.

Masonic Theatre (J. O. Milsom, manager): Thomas W. Keene 12th and 13th in a round of Shakespearean characters to full and fashionable audiences. Mr. Keene showed evident improvement since his previous appearance here, and had good support. Genevieve Ward and company in Forget-Me-Not 15th, 16th and 17th to very fair houses. Miss Ward's conception of the principal part of this play is very forcible and satisfactory; her support is admirable, and their attention to the details is very commendable. Sol Smith Russell billed for 20th and 21st.

Grand Opera House (Milsom, Brooks and Dickson, managers): Rice's Evangeline billed for 20th.

TEXAS.

BRENHAM.

Grand Opera House (A. Meyer, manager): Morton's Big Fours 13th; they return to-day and play for the benefit of our local military company. Booked: Ada Gray 19th.

VIRGINIA.

ALEXANDRIA.

Armory Hall (George A. Smith, manager): An amateur concert filled this theatre one night last week. Oliver Doud Byron, Jan. 24.

Item: THE MIRROR is on sale at both Cook's and French's news stands.

DANVILLE.

Opera House (Catlin and Flatlin, managers): Tony Denier, 13th, to a large audience; performance good.

NORFOLK.

VanWyck's Academy (H. D. VanWyck, proprietor): Tony Denier's H. D., to good business, 17th.

PETERSBURG.

Academy of Music (John B. Rae, manager): Tony Denier's H. D., 16th, to fair business. Nothing booked for next week.

Item: A movement has been started towards getting Adelina Patti to visit Petersburg about the middle of January, under the auspices of the Musical Association.

RICHMOND.

Theatre (W. T. Powell, manager): Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty, 14th and 15th, to large houses. Comley-Barton Opera company, 16th and 17th, to best business of the season.

Opera House (A. B. Duesberry, manager): An excellent variety programme draws large houses nightly.

Comique (W. W. Putnam, manager): Business good. A large company of variety and specialty artists.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.

Grand Opera House (J. Nunnemacher, manager): Steele Mackaye's company, 15th, 16th and 17th, appeared to light house in A Fool's Errand, owing principally to the fact that the Chicago papers gave the piece a very severe criticism, and that numerous church fairs are now being held here; the company is a very strong one. Won at Last, 18th and 17th, to a better business. Emma Abbott's four nights, 19th, promises to be unusually good.

Academy of Music (Henry Deakin, manager): Edwin Clifford Dramatic company, 12th, week, to very light business; nothing more than they deserve; the company is a congregation of the poorest actors that it has been our lot to witness for many seasons. Miss Olive West is perhaps an exception.

Item: Mr. Deakin is not giving us the best entertainments by any means.

WEST VIRGINIA.

WHEELING.

Opera House (F. Reister, manager): Fun on the Bristol 13th to large audience. Buffalo Bill 14th to good business. Mahn's Opera 15th to fair house. Adams' Humpty Dumpty 16th and 17th to good business.

CANADA.

BROCKVILLE.

Opera House (Geo. T. Fulford, manager): Rooms for Rent 14th to a good house.

HAMILTON.

Grand Opera House (J. R. Spackman manager): Furnished Rooms 12th to fair business; Garrick Club in I've Written to Brown and Naval Engagements 14th had large and fashionable audience.

OTTAWA.

Grand Opera House (John Ferguson, manager): Rooms for Rent to fair business and 13th. The company play it for worth.

ST. CATHERINES.

Academy of Music (A. G. B[illegible] ger): Wilbur Opera company [illegible] cotte 12th to fair business. [illegible] did not appear, neither did [illegible]

TORONTO.

Grand Opera House ([illegible] ager): Kiralfy Bros' [illegible] 11th, week; business [illegible]

Royal Opera House [illegible] ager): Bartley C[illegible] action week of the [illegible]

NEW YORK MIRROR

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...rtis, James	Owens, John E, 3
...nham, Harry	Obermiller, Louise
...rina, Mme.	Ottolengui, D.
...vendish, Ada, 2	Oates, Alice
...rson, Emma,	Power, W. H.
...ghlan, Rose	Pendleton, Frank
...combe, Jane, 3	Pease Harry
...hen, Sidney	Pelham, Claude
...rtis Merrimkers	Plaisted, P. S.
...rrigan, Lizzie	Pond, J. B.
...fford, Estelle	Prescott, Marie
...llins, Ida	Pulsifer, Chauncey
...isp, W. H.	Rickaby, John
...Gez, J. F.	Reeves, Alexander
...Lorme, Harry, 2	Rowe, J. H.
...field, Harry,	Raymond, John T.
...mier, Tony,	Rogers, L.
...vide, Charles,	Robinson. Forest, 2
...vis, C. L.	Roberts, Richard E.
...venport, R.C.	Rebers, Sallie
...mpsey, Louise, 2	Rossmore, Mabel
...yton, Lillian	Remetze, Mrs.
...ziel, D.	Rogers, Addie
...lton Harry	Sherrington, Georgie
...bson, Frank	Seabrooke, Thomas
...nne, Julia E	Spencer, Henry
...Breul, A F.	Stewart, J. B., 5
...Estee, Helen	Stevens, Ed A., 2
...nlap, Mattie	Sutherland, Agnes
...Sauld, Mme. G.	Stevens, John A.
...kson, Louise	Sedgwick, Helen (2)
...dridge, Chas. E.	Snelbaker, T. E. 2
...tinge, Rose	Scott-Siddons, Mrs.
...liot, Wm. J.	Smith, T. H.
...gbert, Annie	Sawyer Jacob
...mmett, Jos. K.	Scott, Lester F.
...lkirk, H. S.	Stedman, Edmund C.
...ton, Florence	Sheppard, F. S.
...rtune, A., 2	Small, Frank A.
...yer, J C.	Stevenson, John A.
...rseer, Harry (2)	Strakosch, Max
...rrell, Minnie	Shields, Tillie
...room and Jarvis	Stockton, Richard
...h, John H.	Stevens, E. A.
...rbes, Charles, 2	Sample, J. G.
...ld, Kate	St. Aubyn. Gertrude
...repaugh, Adam	Tearle, Edmund
...lreath, Belton	Titus, Tracy W.
...ll, William	Tompkins, Eugene
...lmore & Benton	Thompson, Charlotte
...eaves, Estelle	Thompson, Den, 2
...rzer, A. C.	Tanner, Rose
...lick & Blaisdell	Travers, Helen
...rthwaite, Fanny	Temple, Louise, 4
...lbert and Sullivan,	Tillotson, T. T.
...au, Mr.	Vaughan, Clementine
...ham, R. E.	Vandyke, Elma
...thold, J. N.	Vokes Family
...esel, Louis R.	Vanduvere, J. C.
...rbert, Charles	Verona, Sadie
...rris, Hamilton	Webber, E. T.
...verly, J. H.	Wallace, W. F.
...ward, L. F.	Woodhull, H. S.
...dson, George B.	Wheelock, J.
...ll, Pauline	Wolcott, H. H., 2
...well, M. C.	Wallack, Arthur
...ll, Florence	Walsh, Minnie
...ley, Mart	Wynkoop, Frank
...ley, Grace	Williams, Frank
...ard, Augustus G	Wheatleigh, Charles
...e, F. W., 3	Wilson Godfrey
...bings, Alice, 2	Wetherell & Pratt
...rt, Amelia	Wright, E. H. Warren
...W. P.	Watson and Ellis
...25, ...Prentis	Wagner, Cal
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Second Edition!

The entire first edition of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR which was placed in the hands of our general agents, the American News Company, Thursday, December 22, at 11 A. M, was exhausted before six o'clock the afternoon of the same day. Although the weather was most unpropitious for the exposure of newspapers on the stands of dealers, the supply was wholly inadequate to meet the demands of their customers. At Brentano's, Tyson's in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, McBride's in the Union Square Hotel and hundreds of other newsdealers, the sales were tremendous, and extra orders and reorders were sent through the day to the News Company. By nightfall there was not a copy of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR in New York to be had for love or money, and for some time previous to this the last copies sold at a premium, people willingly paying as high as one dollar for single numbers. Thursday morning the city orders came in so heavily that the News Company were only able to fill the demands of a few of the larger out-of-town branches, so the bulk of our out-of-town edition was swallowed up by the local dealers.

This necessitates the issuing of a Second Edition, which is nearly as large as the first. As we write, telegrams from all over the country are being repeated to us by the American News Company, calling for more CHRISTMAS MIRRORS. Boston wants 1,900 Pittsburg begs for 400, Philadelphia demands 1,400, and these despatches are an index to the furore which this issue has created wherever it has been placed on sale.

The public may easily draw their own inferences from this immense success, which is unprecedented in the history of dramatic journalism.

A Merrie Christmas.

We not only wish the profession and all our readers a Merrie Christmas, but we give them the wherewithal to make it merrie. Here are cartoons and pictures by our special artist; here are stories, sketches and verses by some of the best writers in the profession; here are communications from Mayor Grace and reverend divines; here are all the regular departments of our paper brighter and better than ever in spite of the holiday pressure upon our pages; here is our magnificent lithographed supplement in nine colors; here, in a word, is THE CHRISTMAS MIRROR, full of the Christmas spirit of good will to all.

This is peculiarly a professional Christmas, or rather a Christmas for professionals, because it comes upon a Sunday, and managers, actors and actresses will be able to enjoy their Christmas dinner and their Christmas rejoicings undisturbed by a matinee or by the necessity of hurrying away to an evening performance. The whole day is theirs, and no class of people anywhere will enjoy it more thoroughly. As a class, actors are the most charitable people in the world, and no class does more genuine good in proportion to its means. We are doubly glad, therefore, to see them have a Christmas all to themselves, and to help them to celebrate it as such an exceptional holiday deserves. For a Christmas on Sunday comes but once in seven years, and when it does come the profession makes the most of it.

The Monday after Christmas will be boxing day in England. Then the new pantomimes will be produced, and all the theatres will be crowded. Monday will also be a kind of boxing-day here; for extra matinees will be given at all our places of amusement. We hope to see them all crowded except one, and that one, we regret to say, should be empty for grave reasons which we shall state in another article. In this we have no room for any but holiday entertainments. The good luck of the professional Christmas has been extended to THE MIRROR, the acknowledged organ of the managers and the profession. We have already received 11,000 orders for this paper outside of our regular edition, and they are still coming in by every mail. This is good news for our advertisers; but it is still better news for the profession and the public, who have never before had such a dramatic paper as THE MIRROR, and who support it with unstinted liberality.

In spite of our increase to twenty pages, including the cover, we have not had half room enough for all the clever articles which have been sent in for the CHRISTMAS MIRROR, nor for all the admirable pictures which have been drawn for this number. Therefore, we have determined to issue another holiday number next week, THE NEW YEAR'S MIRROR, also with special cartoons and its special articles. There is a week's time in which to leave your orders for the NEW YEAR'S MIRROR if you like this Christmas number, and we shall try to make room for all the advertisers who apply early, since the circulation will probably equal the unprecedented number of this week. The manager of the American News Company has notified us that this one organization would take 15,000 extra copies of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR if we could print them in time. Such prosperity as this, like good wine, needs no bush nor beating about the bush. No other dramatic paper ever published can begin to equal it. To THE MIRROR, then, this is a very Merrie Christmas, and we cordially wish all the rest of the world to share our happiness.

The One Unsafe Theatre.

The official inspectors of the Fire Department have been making a careful examination of all our metropolitan theatres. They find that, as a rule, all our theatres are perfectly guarded against fire, or can be made so with trifling alterations, which will be at once completed. But to this rule there is one single exception. One house is pronounced unsafe, and the inspector declares that the only way to render it safe is to tear it down and rebuild it. Every reader will recognize a Nemesis when we add that this single exception is Duff's Theatre. Yes, the only theatre which is declared unsafe is the only theatre whose management refused to close on the night of the funeral of the murdered Garfield!

Here are the warnings of the inspector, Chief Benjamin Gicquel, of the Fifth Fire Battalion, as published in the Herald of Sunday last:

"In the opinion of the Chief, Daly's is probably the most insecurely built of any place of amusement in the city, and is, besides, quite old. Former official examinations have resulted in severe condemnation of various features of its construction and arrangement. Chief Gicquel, when asked last year by the Board of Fire Commissioners for his opinion of it, wrote across the back of the report returned to him the simple but expressive word, 'ROOKERY.' At an earlier date he recommended that the theatre be torn down and a new one erected in its place." This, be it remembered, is the house that remained open on the night of Garfield's funeral!

The duty of the press is to point out to the public the condition of this one theatre. Several papers have suppressed what Chief Gicquel says about it, probably for fear of losing its advertisement. Should accident occur these papers will be held responsible for concealing the facts from the public. But, to prevent any accident, the duty of the Fire Department is clear. The theatre should be closed to the public at once and be torn down, as the Chief recommended a year ago. For a year the public have been in danger of another Vienna, of another Brooklyn horror, and the owners and managers have kept silent. Are they to be allowed to evade their responsibility any longer?

The theatre which refused to close in honor of Garfield must now be closed by the Fire Commissioners. Chief Gicquel warns the public that those who attend it take their lives in their hands. After his official warning, publicly printed, all concerned in keeping it open will be accessories before the fact if a fire should occur there. Let the unsafe house be torn down, and a monument to Garfield be erected on the spot.

The International Copyright.

The meeting of American dramatists at THE MIRROR office last Thursday was the first really practical step toward the accomplishment of a very praiseworthy undertaking. Publicly and privately the question of an International Dramatic Copyright has been agitated for years. Everybody interested agreed that the want of a treaty between the United States and England was continually felt, but lack of enterprise, concerted action or that esprit de corps so necessary to the success of an object as important as this prevented anything like a strong move being made in the proper direction until last Thursday afternoon. The letters of Bronson Howard, which were then read, show the glaring defects and injustice of the British copyright laws as they now stand, and it is more than probable that the efforts to appoint a foreign Commission, if resulting favorably, will effect a thorough revolution of the laws applied to English plays and playwrights, and in consequence will achieve a double benefit. It is very plain that our dramatists must not exchange their own rights for English wrongs, and in arranging the terms of the treaty, the American Commission should bear in mind the fact that our playwrights must be met more than half way by the British body. As the English law reads, were the International Dramatic Copyright secured, it would be necessary for an American to produce his play in England before representing it elsewhere in order to secure foreign protection. This is antagonistic to the freedom and well-being of our writers, and they must be accorded at least the justice which is afforded them in this country. The English authors are as anxious for a treaty as are ours. They seem to be banded together more firmly than their American brethren, and this will no doubt assure the success of the other end of the movement. At any rate they will not be behindhand in sustaining the effort already made in New York.

It is often asked of dramatists, "Why don't you produce plays that will be accepted by managers? Why do you give up the field to foreign competition? Why don't you write something good?" To all of which the dramatists reply: "Because managers show us little encouragement, preferring to purchase, at second-hand, English or French successes, but unwilling to risk a dollar on native work; because foreigners sell the American rights to their pieces cheap, as they cannot be protected here, and we are not in a position to cope with them on the same financial basis. We have written something good, but as there is no protection against foreign invasion, and as many of the plays are acted in the English dominions without the slightest regard for our interests in them, what is the use of trying to make a profession lucrative which is here surrounded by hopeless disadvantages?"

Now, one way to remedy this state of affairs is to make the International Dramatic Copyright a reality; place American and English authors alike on the same footing, in the full enjoyment of equal privileges, with the same laws to provide against the transgression of their just prerogatives, and then, as Fred Marsden said at the dramatists' meeting Thursday, "Put us on an equitable basis, and I guess we are willing to stand on our own merits."

Saturday noon the dramatic authors will meet again at THE MIRROR office to hear the report of the committee which has waited upon Senator Abbett for the purpose of arranging the Memorial to Congress which the playwriters propose to adopt and sign. It is quite superfluous to add that every dramatist in town should certainly be in attendance, because that is a duty which every one who loves his profession will appreciate.

Personal.

BASSETT.—The good-natured phiz of Russell Bassett may be recognized above. He is creating a good impression in the Southwest as Mo Jewell, in the World. Mr. Bassett proposes to star next season in a play of his own.

CLEVES.—Lillian Cleves has put her Foote into the matrimonial snare. We haven't room for details this week.

LEWIS.—The superstitious James is very nervous, and is said to contemplate an early escape from the condemned "rookery."

THANKS.—"Editor MIRROR: To you a very merry Christmas; for THE MIRROR an endless life, and many happy returns.—O. G. BERNARD."

VOKES.—Now Boston is reported as the place in which the agile Fred will manage a theatre after the rest of the family go home.

WARREN WRIGHT.—The public look at this actor enviously, for it is announced that Miss Jessie Vokes has selected him as her future husband.

MAPLESON.—The British Colonel retires from New York a wiser and a poorer man. This is a second evacuation by the British. Strakosch confiscates the bakery.

RHEA.—We are sorry to hear that this pleasing actress is not likely to have a Happy New Year in this country. Her company has a Sargent, but needs a captain.

BERNARD.—Effie Ellsler gave O. G. Bernard a scarf-pin, with an owl's head of Mexican design, richly ornamented with diamonds. It was a Christmas present.

HARRISON.—On Christmas Monday the gentle Alice will be on one side of the river at Terre Haute, and John T. Raymond on the other. Will they make a Bridge of Sighs?

CURTIS.—Frank Curtis telegraphs us that he has sold out his interest in Sam'l of Posen. This was a wise step, for the demon of discord has raged for several months in the Posen party. Mr. Curtis will give all his attention to managing Anna Dickinson.

EMMET.—It is due to this popular star to state that during his long engagement at Haverly's nothing has occured to mar the comfort of the management or the enjoyment of the large audiences. Happy New Year!

MORRIS.—Clara Morris has been engaged by Manager Palmer for a series of matinees at the Union Square Theatre next month. The New Magdalen will be the piece. James O'Neil is especially engaged to play Julian Gray.

CAYVAN.—Miss Georgie has been selected to play the Queen in the Greek play on account of her admirable elocution. This is a compliment, not only to Miss Cayvan, but to the Madison Square Theatre, at which she graduated.

STEVENS.—John A. Stevens, the manager of the Windsor Theatre, has an equally popular house of the same name at Boston; but he prefers to come to the metropolis to spend the holidays. But it is a Christmas joke for him to open as Unknown. That is just what he is not.

THORNE.—Charles Thorne, though he leaves the Union Square Theatre, does not leave the Union Square management, to go starring for three years, beginning next March. There is considerable interest manifested by Mr. Palmer's company as to who will be Thorne's successor. Promotion is desired all the way down the ranks.

ANDERSON.—Mary Anderson played in New Brunswick the other night, and some Rutger's College students drew her carriage to the hotel, where they serenaded the young lady. Hamilton Griffin made a fine oratorical effort, Mary waved her hand in token of thanks to the cheering collegians, and the unsuspected episode finished amid great enthusiasm.

DOLARO.—New Yorkers propose to give their premier favorite, Mme. Dolaro, an out-and-out bumber at her benefit, Thursday, Dec. 29, in the Bijou, when she will play a comedietta written expressly to suit her, called Reading a Tragedy. Harry St. Maur, who has come from England to act principal parts in Mme. Dolaro's prospective comedy company, will play with her for the first time on this occasion. He bears a fine reputation in London, and will doubtless duplicate it here.

OBER.—Mr. Haverly offered a goodly sum to Miss Ober, of Boston, for a controlling interest in the Greek play. Manager Stetson and a solid Chicago manager have also made bids for interests. But Miss Ober has every confidence in her ability to carry on the affair alone, and expects to make as brilliant a success of it as she did in her conductorship of the Boston Ideal Opera company. The opening performance will take place at the Boston Globe Theatre on January 24, and rehearsals are actively progressing.

"Christmas Reflections."

Over this caption appears on our first page to-day a capital cartoon by our own artist. It shows three distinct subjects which have been reflected in THE MIRROR.

The lower portion of the picture indicates the treatment dramatic vandals will get in both this country and England when the International Dramatic Copyright becomes an actual achievement. John Bull, having lifted one of the offenders from off Dover cliffs, watches his reception by Uncle Sam on the other side of the pond. Judging from the expression on this latter shrewd individuals' face, the greeting which the vandal will get will be one long to be remembered.

Reflection No. 2 requires but a very few words of explanation. A policeman's lantern, across the glass of which is written "New York Mirror," is throwing its searching, brilliant rays upon a gang of escaping dramatic thieves. They cannot run far away, because there is a MIRROR detective in every town in the Union, who is on the alert for just such criminals.

Reflection No. 3 is the pleasantest of all. Some retired professionals—venerable, happy-looking old gentlemen—are comfortably ensconsced in a Home for Aged Actors. They are enjoying the benefits of the Actors' Fund, and are talking over their past experiences, telling jolly anecdotes, cracking jokes, and generally occupying themselves, as good old players should, when they have outlived their usefulness and are dependent upon the fraternal love of their younger brethren.

There is a savor of futurity about these first and last reflections, but we have good reason to hope when another Merry Christmas comes around, our artist will be enabled to picture these good things from real life.

The Usher.

In Usherring
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

A *piquante* little creature is pretty Emma Loraine of Wallack's. She's the life and soul of the company, and her quickness of repartee is a continual source of amusement to the old-headed, young-hearted seniors of the theatre. The last bright thing with which she is credited was said the other morning while Miss Loraine was whirling along Sixth avenue on an elevated train. Next her sat a pair of lar-de-dah young men—exaggerated specimens of the too too utterly idiotic jackanapes, who infest those places where impressionable damosels most do congregate. Their attempts to flirt, by means of those ingenious devices—worthy of a better object—which giddy-youth-gone wrong affect, did not meet with that reciprocity on Miss Loraine's part which was desired. On the contrary she looked very savage indeed, and her cheeks reddened perceptibly—whether in anger or mortification deponent not knowing cannot say. This maiden flush, or blush, attracted the attention of one of the aforesaid idiots, and he nudged his friend in a disagreeable, knowing sort of way, and exclaimed:

"I say, Charlie, she's painted, by Jove."

"True," replied Emma, who is able to speak up for herself in a loud tone of voice when occasion requires, "I am painted, and by Jove only!" This smart reply caused a hearty laugh of approbation among the passengers; and the discomfitted young men—well, they got out at the next station.

* * *

Actors have been accused of lack of spirit and want of nerve. Some people have gone so far as to sneer at their meekness, and to accuse them of cowardice and irresolution in the face of impending trouble. Last week I remarked, in speaking of the Clarke-Gayler encounter, that pugilistic displays are inexcusable, except when a loafer requires punishment for an insult or wrong inflicted. A little incident which happened in Eau Claire, Wis., last week, gives the lie direct—in one instance, at least—to the theory that professionals are cravens, and aptly illustrates my definition of the time and place when a little exhibition of the manly art comes in with perfect appropriateness. The Ideal Opera company were putting up at the Galloway House, in Eau Claire. The principal members of the troupe seated themselves in the dining-room to discuss a savory supper. A robust webfoot entered with an equally robust female on his arm. He was taken to a table at which were sitting Misses Calef, Henrietta Bebee, and two other fair Ideals. The robust stranger surveyed the group with evident disgust, and calling to the head-waiter exclaimed, in a tone which was audible through the entire room: "I'm a gentleman. I want you to understand that me and my girl don't eat with show folks." Whereupon the head-waiter reported the cause of the assertive gentleman's indignation at the office, and received instructions to remove the theatrical ladies to another table. Before the gallant master of the feast could put this order into execution, Mr. W. A. McDonald, the Ideal's baritone, sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing with honest wrath and his face white with suppressed rage. Confronting the high-toned "gentleman" who had gratuitiously insulted the ladies, he said, with great earnestness: "Let me tell you that 'show-folks' are quite as worthy of respect as other people. The members of this company are not exceptions to that rule. Apologize instantly to these ladies for the insult you have given them, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!" The robust party seeing undoubted determination in McDonald's eyes, and perhaps, also, the ability to fully carry out his threat, muttered a surly "Beg pardon," and slunk out of the place closely followed by his muscular wife.

* * *

The cranks that are roaming about loose have begun to turn their unpleasant attentions to actors, who, from their peculiarly exposed and defenseless position while acting, are tempting prey for the pistol of the crank. A man aimed a revolver at Hermann, the other evening, and would in all probability have "removed" him had not a number of persons disarmed and handed over to the authorities this crazy assassin. One night last week in New Castle, Pa., while a company was playing the Two Orphans, an individual in the audience became enraged at the villainies of Jacques Frochard, and pulled a revolver on the actor who was playing that part. After a terrific struggle the virtuous crank was placed under control. It looks as if the cranks didn't like bad characters. Now, if they didn't like bad actors, and conducted themselves accordingly, no one could find just grounds for complaint. But the examples above quoted indicate a new wrinkle in the fuddled brain of the crank, which is likely to be followed by a great slaughter of professionals. Bloom, or some equally enterprising stage goods manufacturer, ought certainly to hurry up and get out patents for bullet-proof tights and dresses—there's a fortune in it.

The Dramatists' Meeting.

In response to the call which was published in THE MIRROR, a number of American dramatists assembled in our office Thursday afternoon of last week to take preliminary steps toward securing an International Dramatic Copyright. There were very few authors in town at the time, but a sufficient representation was present to begin the work effectually, and the proceedings were most enthusiastic and satisfactory.

THE PROCEEDINGS.

The meeting was called to order by Howard P. Taylor, who said: "Gentlemen: The object of this assemblage of American dramatists at present in New York has doubtless been thoroughly canvassed by you. It is desirable that an interchange of views be had upon the important subject of an International Copyright Law, and the best methods to be adopted toward securing proper protection to the dramatic works of both native and American dramatists. The press of our country, with laudable spirit, have for years past touched upon the subject, but beyond their kind interest in the matter nothing has been accomplished. It is now proposed that the dramatists themselves take the matter in hand, and, with the co-operation of English authors, try to effect some scheme in furtherance of the desired object I propose the name of A. C. Gunter as temporary chairman." The nomination was seconded by Fred Marsden and carried.

On taking the chair Mr. Gunter expressed his hearty concurrence in the object of the meeting, and volunteered to devote his energies in promoting any plan that might be adopted in aid of so important a matter.

FRED MARSDEN: I am heartily in favor of this meeting, and the object for which it is called, and I believe it is the first *practical* step that has been taken toward securing this necessary protection. All present will doubtless agree with me that it would be quite satisfactory to know that their works would be protected by English law, and it would be quite satisfactory to English authors to feel that their productions would receive American protection.

Mr. Gunter called Mr. Taylor to the chair.

MR. GUNTER: Perhaps, before discussing the subject further, the meeting may be guided somewhat in its judgment by the letters I have in my possession from Bronson Howard, written to the editor of THE MIRROR, which give some points concerning the complications and defects of the English copyright law.

He then read the following letters:

DETROIT, Dec. 12, 1881.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

DEAR SIR:—In common with my fellow American dramatists I feel deeply interested, of course, in the subject of International Dramatic Copyright. It will be impossible for me to attend the meeting you kindly suggest on Thursday next in New York, but I trust that Senator Macpherson's attention to the subject will have a practical and useful result. It seems to me a wise course to move in the matter independently of book copyright, as the questions and interests involved are so entirely different. With your permission I will suggest two points that will require special attention and care in the preparation of the proposed statute or treaty:

First—The provision of the British law that a play must be first produced within the United Kingdom, or the British Empire, I forget which, is a pitfall to be carefully watched and avoided by the American side of the commission. So long as that provision exists, there can be no mere exchange of legal rights between the two countries. No reciprocal statute can be safely passed on this side, nor any treaty signed, until the provision is done away with, in set terms that cannot be misunderstood on the part of the British authorities.

Second—There is a clause in the present British law which was originally intended to be merely explanatory; but it takes away the time-honored property right at Common Law of British authors in their own manuscript plays. This clause is to the effect that the representation of a play is to be regarded as publication. Our commissioners, if not alive to the danger, may either commit our country to this bad principle in the British law, or else arrange a copyright exchange which will be unfair to American authors. That is, British authors will enjoy both copyright and Common Law right in the United States, while American authors will have only copyright, without Common Law right, in Great Britain. It will be absurd if we make the same mistake the British Parliament made in 1846, or thereabouts, and rob our writers of their traditional rights at Common Law, when intending to secure them new and greater rights. It will be equally absurd to make the unfair "exchange" above mentioned. There can be no fair international copyright with Great Britain, therefore, unless the British authorities will correct their own mistake, and set aside, so far as concerns an exchange of rights with us, the bad principle adopted among themselves by mere oversight.

I offer the above suggestions in response to your request for a written expression of opinion from such American dramatists as cannot participate in a personal discussion of the subject. Wishing success to this and every effort made in this cause, I remain

Very respectfully yours,
BRONSON HOWARD.

DETROIT, Dec. 12, 1881.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

DEAR SIR:—I trust you will pardon me troubling you with a second letter on the subject of International Dramatic Copyright; but a point has occurred to me which I forgot to mention in my previous letter, just posted, and which seems to me of very great importance. There are so many things to be considered in this connection, that unless we keep every point before us from the very outset, the interests of American authors are likely to suffer, in any adjustment that may be reached. The British domestic law is curiously defective, and in many ways unjust to native British writers. It is well for us to keep this fact in mind in all efforts to come to an agreement on the subject; otherwise, we may find ourselves participating with them in the injustice. Indeed, it is as much for the interest of British dramatists as for our own, that any international law should be free from the defects—in some points, the glaring absurdities—of their own statutes.

According to the present British law, the writer of a novel has no exclusive right to the dramatization of his own work. A special clause in the American law gives every novelist full and sole stage-right to any adaptation of his story. This brings us to the borderland between general book copyright and the copyright of plays. It may or may not be desirable, in the movement which Senator Macpherson purposes to start, to extend the benefits of international stage-right to the novelists of the two countries. But if this is to be done, and I think it should be, the British authorities must consent to still another deviation from their domestic law, and it must be definitely and clearly noted.

But what I wish particularly to point out is a matter which might have a curious result in giving British novelists dramatic rights in America, from which American novelists would be absolutely shut out in Great Britain.

Mr. Hollingshead, manager of the Gaiety Theatre, London, told me one evening that he published a story in an English magazine with the intention of dramatizing it for his own boards. Another person put it on the stage before he had time to do so. He brought an action. The judge not only decided that Mr. Hollingshead had no protection, but added that he was by no means sure, if the question were brought before the court, that the other party, having produced his play first, could not, under British law as it stands, debar him from dramatizing his own story.

Now, suppose the decision thus strongly hinted at by an English judge should become judicial law in Great Britain! Suppose, also, an international treaty were made merely exchanging rights under existing laws in the respective countries. This is the simplest form of international agreement—as in the case of patents—and one likely, without due care, to be adopted. The result would be, that the British novelist, dramatizing his own work, would be protected in the United States, according to our law; while the American novelist, under the same circumstances, would not only have no protection in Great Britain, but any one, anticipating him in the production, could debar him there from the use of his own story! Even without the extreme decision above hinted at, the American novelist would have no exclusive stage-right in his story in Great Britain, if the benefits of the present Copyright Laws were simply exchanged like those of the Patent Laws.

A writer in the London Times argued, some months ago, that, to secure an International Copyright, it was only necessary for the United States Congress to extend the benefit of the American statute to aliens. This, he thought, would be a very pleasant and easy solution of the matter. An American in London responded by showing how unfair this would be to American writers in the present state of British law. No answer to the self-evident truth was offered. I remain,

Very respectfully yours,
BRONSON HOWARD.

MR. GUNTER: It seems to me that by this we can never have an International Copyright Law for both novelist and dramatist, and I think the less we have to say about novelists the better.

MR. TAYLOR: We expect many complications in this matter, and I think it well to consult legal authority as to a proper method of procedure. I am informed that the Hon. Leon Abbett, of New Jersey, has kindly consented to give the dramatists the benefit of his knowledge and services in preparing a suitable memorial to Congress reflecting the wishes of this meeting; and I therefore move that a committee of three be appointed to wait upon the gentlemen and co-operate with him upon his proposition.

This motion was seconded by Fred. Marsden.

MR. DEVEREUX: I think, Mr. Chairman, that it would be well for the Committee to be instructed to incorporate an appeal for a modification of the present laws concerning copyrights. Lawyers interpret it in divers ways. If the subject is brought before Congress I think it would be much better to recommend that the law be so simplified that when a case is brought before a court the law will be clearly defined and susceptible to but one interpretation.

MR. MARSDEN: I do not think that matter should be brought into the present business.

MR. GUNTER: Nor do I. I have had some experience in legislation, and I have found it much easier to do one thing at a time. One may succeed, but both may fail, or make enemies, which is quite as bad. We will be doing a great thing if we accomplish our single purpose with Congress. According to Mr. Howard's letters we will have much difficulty in getting the English laws to conform to ours.

MR. MARSDEN: Let the English dramatists take care of their side. If we succeed in getting a suitable law framed on this side, surely our brother writers in England should attend to the matter of getting Parliament to conform to ours, as the British authors will be equally benefited.

MR. FISKE: I am not a dramatist, but I am very willing to advocate and assist the cause of this International Dramatic Copyright in THE MIRROR. I am given to understand by Senator Abbett that great care and discretion must be exercised in framing the Dramatists' Memorial or Resolutions. The principal danger to avoid will be the book-publishers, who are just now bending every energy toward the securing of a treaty between England and this country. They will endeavor to effect a combination of the dramatists' bill with their own interests—this, of course, means sure defeat. I would suggest that Mr. Howard's letters and the minutes of this meeting be submitted to Mr. Abbett by the committee, as both will doubtless assist him materially in his task.

MR. MARSDEN: I call for the question on Mr. Taylor's motion.

The question was put and carried, and Messrs. Marsden, Taylor and Devereux were appointed to act as the committee by Mr. Gunter.

MR. TAYLOR: I think a vote of thanks should be tendered Hon. Leon Abbott for his generous and valuable offer and co-operation, and also to Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, and Congressman Cox, of New York, for their voluntary offers to bring the matter properly before Congress.

The motion was carried, and the dramatists then adjourned to meet Saturday, January 24, at 12 o'clock, in THE MIRROR office.

Professional Doings.

—John Lavine is one of the rising operators in the musical world. He is agent or manager of fully one third of the successful concert singers and companies now before the public.

—Ada Dyas has joined Joe Jefferson's company.

—The dialogue of Esmeralda will shortly appear in *The Century*.

—W. W. Allen has seceded from the Grayson Opera company.

—The advance sale of seats for The Messiah in Cincinnati has realized over $16,000.

—Mlle. Renie Reignard has signed with Mr. Haverly for his new comic opera company.

—J. C. Williamson has bought the right to produce Hazel Kirke in Australia for $1000.

—Miss Langtry's success is assured. She made her debut in London last week, and wore a $5000 dress.

—Pretty Georgie Cayvan will appear in a concert with the Remenyi company at Lynn, Mass., next week.

—Harry Smart, business manager of the Knights, has resigned his position, and is at present in New York.

—Miss Beula Verne has been engaged to support Minnie Wallace during the latter's tour through the South.

—George Fawcett Rowe is going to transfer Smiff and himself to Australia, where they appreciate things.

—Abbie Carrington has taken the place of Adelaide Randall, who is ill at Cincinnati, in the Hess Opera company.

—E. Murray Day and Josie Wilmere joined Rial's Two Orphans company at Wheeling, W. Va., Monday.

—Newton Gotthold, now supporting Rhea, has a new play, entitled The Living Age, in which he will star next season.

—Col. Haverly has engaged the Union Square company for next Summer, paying Manager Palmer $3500 per week.

—William Emmett has secured a two years' lease of the Academy of Music, Chicago, at an annual rental of $12,000.

—Anna Guenther, W. J. Stanton and Deen Delmont have joined a Mascotte company, under the management of George Jones.

—Wallace Opera House, Sterling, Ill., has been leased by William Chapman, of New York, and converted into a roller-skating rink.

—Roland Reed will star next season in a piece that is being written for him. He will not impersonate a Jewish character, as is supposed.

—W. B. Arnold has recovered the money that was stolen from him in the Grand Hotel, Richmond, Ind., through the detective talents of Mrs. May, the wife of the proprietor.

—It is asserted that Joaquin Miller has withdrawn his suit against McRee Crankin, and that that individual will hereafter be permitted to give bad performances of '49.

—Charles and Lillie Wilkinson are the pioneer travelers. They began to play in 1850, and this season finds them still touring the country in an original comedy called Priscilla, by E. A. Locke.

—Boadecia is the title of a new play which Janauschek is about to launch upon the public. It is not by Salmi Morse.

—Leonard Grover is writing a play for Nat Goodwin. Nat has had a number of plays written for him lately, but he seems a trifle hard to please.

—Claude De Haven has recovered from a rheumatic attack, and has taken an engagement under Fred Berger to look after Gus S. Knight's interests.

—The Strakosch Opera company travel in two Pullman sleepers and one day coach. They are now playing an eight weeks engagement in New Orleans.

—John McCormack, recently the manager of Fred Paulding, has returned to the journalistic ranks, and is once more city editor of the *Enquirer*, Cincinnati.

—W. H. Meeker joined Haverly's Widow Bedott company Monday, in place of George Farron, who is sick with typhoid fever at the Arkansas Hot Springs.

—Florence Blackburn White, a relative of the present Governor of Kentucky, has superseded Adele Belgarde in Collier's Banker's Daughter combination.

—A new theatre has been erected at Connellsville, Pa., and was inaugurated by Thorne's Comedy company on the 16th inst. P. S. Newmyer is the proprietor.

—Fannie Brown has been engaged by the Vokes to understudy the female roles in their pieces. She will make her first appearance with them in Washington next Monday night.

—Mr. Gillette (the Professor) was unable to play in Chicago last week. He was suffering with a sore throat. His part was taken by Mr. Lacy. Mr. Gillette is all right again.

—Joe Levy, manager of Whitney's Pollcia company, has proved to be the right man for the position. With one exception, he is liked and respected by every member of the troupe.

—A. S. Pennoyer, business manager of the Vokes, is not the Gus Pennoyer mentioned as agent of Benton's Mystic Krew company, that young man being a son of A. S. P.

—It is rumored that a new theatre is to be built on Broadway, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets, by a wealthy gentleman of New York, and that the management has been tendered to George Edgar. Very likely!

—Harry Peakes, of the Hess Acme Opera company, brought suit last Wednesday, at Louisville, against Max Strakosch for money due him when Max and Hess were in partnership. The case was settled by Strakosch paying Peakes $150.

—A new band of minstrels is in process of organization, with David Wambold (late of the San Franciscos), Bob Slavin, and Johnson and Powers, as the proprietary head. Mr. Wambold has recovered from a severe and prolonged illness.

—The Press Club of Toledo, O., gave their first annual reception on the 15th instant at the Wheeler Opera House, which was a successful affair in every particular. The club is composed of the dramatic critics and editors of the Toledo papers.

—The large picture over the proscenium arch at Booth's Theatre fell to the stage during the performance of The Lights of London on Friday night last, making a rent in the curtain, terrifying the orchestra, and surprising the audience a little. Beyond a slight scare no damage was done.

—Edouin and Sanger's Sparks company will commence a two weeks' engagement at the Bijou Opera House on the 16th of the month. The business of this company has been uniformly large this season, averaging fifty per cent. better than last—a fact which the good-humored proprietors relate exceedingly.

—Only a Farmer's Daughter has proved one of the positive successes of the present season. The business has been uniformly large and newspaper notices quite flattering. The printing is possibly the finest on the road. They play at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Jan. 8, and from there go to Chicago.

—Some impecunious individual abstracted J. W. Collier's new one-hundred dollar overcoat from the box-office of the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, O., last Friday, and deposited the same as collateral for an immediate loan with "mine uncle." Manager James recovered the garment after several hours search.

—It has been found that the original space intended for the stage of Wallack's new theatre is inadequate for the purpose, and a building in the rear has been torn down, which will give sixty additional feet. When completed, the stage will be one of the largest in the country. The Thalia has the deepest stage of any American theatre.

—The Thorne-Jordan company ended an unsuccessful season last Saturday. John Chamberlain, Emily Jordan's husband, does not wish her to remain longer on the stage, although she is a favorite. The company was paid a little more than the salaries earned, and then disbanded. Some went to Chicago, and others came to this city.

—The Geistinger war still rages in Cincinnati, and Manager Miles, of the Grand, has transferred the seat of strife from the columns of the local journals to the courts. His attorneys brought suit against Manager Heuck and Messrs. Ambrey and Hermann, praying for an immediate injunction restraining Geistinger from appearing at Heuck's Opera House this week.

—A correspondent in Strasbourg, Alsace, writes that three regular copies of THE MIRROR find their way to that place, and the natives, both actors and others, "are simply astounded that theatrical news can be of sufficient interest to demand such a large and well-gotten-up paper as yours." It is evident the Alsacians have a very mistaken idea of the magnitude of American theatricals.

—A case of mistaken identity caused considerable trouble at Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, last week. Dr. Simon Quinlan, of the Big Four Minstrels in San Francisco last season, and litigation was [illegible] and purity. A few days ago the Doctor [illegible]. It is the suit against Charles E. Locke of [illegible] to Francisco, and garnisheed General James Commander Fitzsimmons, Bliss Wilson, Charles E Blanchett and E. J. Lock[illegible] by tying up all the money in Haverly's hands belonging to Locke and Blanchett, who were playing the Emelie Melville [illegible] at the house. Jamison, the lawyer, [illegible] a motion that the garnishees be [illegible] and filed their answers. Upon [illegible] it appeared that Quinlan had [illegible] Charles E. Locke for Seymour E. Locke, brother. They were honorably [illegible] and the cash paid over.

At the Theatres.

The changes of bill for this week have been numerous, but not important. For Christmas Week they will be important, but not numerous. This week, at the Fifth Avenue, John McCullough, consigning Jack Cade to Jack Ketch, returned to the legitimate, and will take his farewell benefit in Virginius on Friday. At Booth's, the Florence Family gave place to the Vokes Family. At the Bijou, The Snake Charmer was withdrawn, to be sent to the provinces, and make room for a revival of Olivette by the Audran Opera company. At the Windsor, Madame Janauschek appears, to compensate for the mistakes of her recent season at the Union Square. The Hanlon-Lees have transferred Le Voyage en Suisse from the Metropolitan Casino to Niblo's Garden, and Patience, by Haverly's new Opera company, succeeds them at the up-town house.

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For Christmas Week there will be no change, and no necessity for any change, at the Union Square, where Lights o' London is still crowding every seat; at Abbey's Park Theatre, where Mother-in-Law is beginning to be appreciated as it deserves, and where E. A. Locke supersedes Felix Morris (gone to California) as the Hebrew manager; at the Standard, where Patience thrives upon opposition, and becomes every week more popular; at Harrigan and Hart's, where the Major is still a great favorite, but will soon give way to Squatter-Sovereignty; at Niblo's, where the Hanlon-Lees will continue their holiday entertainments; at the Madison Square, where Esmeralda promises a Hazel Kirke run, and Manager Frohman is preparing his one hundredth night souvenir; at the Casino, where Haverly's Patience will prove inexhaustible; at the San Francisco Minstrels, where Patients drop in by the thousand every evening, and speedily return for another dose; at Bunnell's Museum, which is becoming as popular as Barnum's old headquarters.

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The novelties for Christmas week—all of which will be brought out at the extra matinees on Monday at 2 P. M.—will be Fanny Davenport, in Camille, at the Fifth Avenue; Mr. and Mrs. Chanfrau, in Kit, the Arkansas Traveller, at Haverly's Fourteenth Street; Kate Claxton and a very strong company, in The Two Orphans, at Booth's; John A. Stevens, in Unknown, at his Windsor Theatre; a morning and evening performance by Tony Pastor's company—now that the opera is over—at the Academy of Music, besides the regular performances at Tony Pastor's Theatre.

* * *

As gracefully and complacently as ducks return to water after an attempt to pedestrianize upon dry land, so gracefully and complacently did John McCullough and his capital company return to the legitimate, at the Fifth Avenue, on Monday, after their attempt to put life into The Bondman. Their programme for the week was: Brutus, on Monday and Tuesday; Othello, on Wednesday and at the Saturday matinee; The Gladiator (by request), on Thursday; and Virginius, on Friday, for McCullough's farewell benefit, and on Saturday, his last night this season. Brutus, or The Fall of Tarquin, a five-act tragedy of the good old school, by John Howard Payne, is a very powerful play, a favorite with our forefathers, now too seldom revived. Brutus, next to Virginius, is a part which McCullough prefers, and it shows him at his best. His performance of it on Monday was enthusiastically received by a good house, and he was called before the curtain after every act. The company, for which Captain Conner deserves much credit, appeared to as much advantage in Brutus as they seemed at a disadvantage in The Bondman. The classic bearing and suppressed force of Edmund Collier as Sextus Tarquin convince us that we see in him a future star. [illegible] season he becomes more careful and forcible, and he only requires earnest [illegible] out of the theatre to rank among the [illegible] actors in the country. We have [illegible] but praises for Frank Lane as [illegible] A. Lane as Collatinus; H. A. [illegible] as Valerius; Fr[illegible] Little as Arnus; [illegible] Barton as Cle[illegible] J. Enright as [illegible]; J. H. [illegible] the son of the [illegible] Lucretius; Henry Chan[illegible] of the old, talented fam[illegible]; C. H. Kidder as [illegible] Willett—Heavens! [illegible] stage!—as Lucretia, and [illegible] and George as Lavinia and [illegible] respectively. Miss Kate Forsythe more than redeemed the lackadaisical acting with which she expressed her indifference to the Hon. Lewis Wingfield's cracked masterpiece, last week, and fairly brought down the house by her energy and sincerity as Tarquinia. Mrs. Mrs. Augusta Foster again displayed those sterling legitimate qualities which have won her so high, although so recent, a place in the estimation of metropolitan critics. We need not dwell upon the details of the tragedy or of the acting. Both are familiar here, and even more familiar to our provincial readers. Suffice it to say that the performance was as satisfactory as any which this admirably-drilled company has presented, and that Manager Haverly was as glad as McCullough to get back to legitimate plays, as the difference in the receipts amply demonstrated.

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A very appropriate and seasonable engagement was that of the Vokes at Booth's, which began Monday night, and although it lasts but one week, it will be a particularly profitable one. The audience was large, and although at a small estimate fully two-thirds of them had laughed at the Belles of the Kitchen before, the comical hodge-podge went with continuous roars of laughter. This is the true test of merit in a performance which belongs to a class that generally palls upon the public taste. The Belles is by no means worn out yet, and it will be popular as long as the Vokes hang together and retain the irresistible slap-dash dexterity for which they are noted. Victoria, Fawdon and Fred danced, sang and made fun as they always do, and Bessie Sansom assisted them cleverly with her pleasing face and vivacious manner. Many of the original features of the farce, or burlesque, or whatever it may be called, were redemanded, and the Vokes, who are very accommodating in this respect, responded amiably. The Belles was preceded by A Rough Diamond, rechristened Cousin Joe, in which Victoria played Margery capitally, and Fred created considerable mirth by a very good representation of the simple bumpkin. The farce—one of the best as it was one of the most popular short sketches on the stage—has been put through a trimming and shearing process that renders it almost unrecognizable. However, the changes bring it better within the scope of this bright little party. Next Monday Kate Claxton comes in with The Two Orphans, for which Manager Stetson promises new and artistic scenery. We hope he will not disappoint the public in this respect again.

* * *

For the reception of Fanny Davenport and her company on Monday next, extraordinary preparations have been made. The most sumptuous scenery ever used for Camille in this city—that provided by Manager Stephen Fiske for Madame Modjeska—is already in the theatre. Instead of skimping the stage and exhibiting magnificent toilettes and shabby surroundings, as Bernhardt did, Miss Davenport will take care that both costumes and stage appointments are befitting and harmonious. Our Philadelphia correspondent has already given the cast of Miss Davenport's Camille, and in some respects, at least, it has seldom been equaled, and never excelled. As this is really Miss Davenport's farewell engagement in New York, where both her father and herself have been such favorites, we anticipate a succession of crowded houses during her brief season, especially as she has arranged to vary her programme as often as the public demand a change. Her Lady Macbeth—the performance of which was interrupted at Philadelphia by a deputy sheriff to serve a paper in Miss Anna Dickinson's suit—will be expected with great interest, since Miss Davenport has never before essayed a tragic role in the metropolis. Hitherto her chief metropolitan successes have been in comedy or melodrama; but both Thalia and Melpomene presided at Miss Davenport's birth, and she is quite as versatile as her great and lamented father, who has played Hamlet and William, in Black-Eyed Susan, on the same night, and with equal applause.

* * *

Haverly's Niblo's Garden was once the home of pantomime, in the good old days when our fathers used to go and see the Ravel Family. Only one member of that family now survives, and he is a very aged man, residing comfortably in the south of France—unless we reckon one of the younger branches, Marietta Ravel, now the happy wife of Manager Mart Hanley, of the Harrison's Photos company. Perhaps if we could see the old Ravel pantommes now, just as they used to be, they would not seem to us so amazing, for America made vast improvements upon the old pantomimes during the time that G. L. Fox ran Humpty Dumpty for over a thousand nights. But, granting the Ravels their traditional precedence, and giving G. L. Fox credit for his improvements in the art, the Hanlon-Lees must rank next to these past favorites, with the immense point of superiority in their favor that they are alive, and we can go any night and see them, while the Ravels and Mr. Fox are, unfortunately, dead and gone. The present Niblo's Garden, too, is not the theatre in which the Ravels played. It has been rebuilt, and more than once redecorated since that period. Nevertheless, the theatre is so identified with pantomimic successes that it seems the best of all places in which the Hanlon-Lees could play. The splendid stage affords them ample space for all their tricks and contrivances; the grand auditorium, unsurpassed in the world, offers to every spectator a full view of the stage. We do not regret the pleasant evenings with the Hanlon-Lees at the beautiful and cosy Park, nor those other Arabian nights, when we could smoke a cigarette while we voyaged to Switzerland with them at the Casino; but still, we must admit that they have found their proper home at last at Niblo's Garden. And this is beyond question the very theatre for them during the holidays. It will hold thousands of people without crowding or inconvenience. We have frequently seen it return receipts of over $4,000 during the run of the Black Crook, and some of the houses for Haverly's attractions, and recently for The World, have come close to these astonishing figures. Drury Lane, London, is considered packed at £500, which is only $2,500. The difference, however, is more in the prices than in the sizes of the two theatres. The Hanlon Lees are playing to popular prices, and we are glad to see so many children among their audiences. There is no better entertainment for children on this side of the Atlantic. The story is so clear that they can follow it without effort, and the incidents are so funny, so cleverly acted, and follow each other so continuously, that the little ones are never wearied with laughing and wondering, and are only sorry when the final curtain falls. The engagement of the Hanlon-Lees is only for the holidays. Then a special company, selected, organized and rehearsed by Manager A. M. Palmer, will present in rapid succession all the great successes of the Union Square, commencing with The Danicheffs. We rejoice to see two such managers as Messrs. Palmer and Haverly in copartnership in so legitimate an enterprise, and the public may be certain that no pains nor expense will be spared to put the Union Square plays upon the stage with the completeness which has become a Union Square characteristic.

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Duff's Theatre:—

From the report in the *Herald* of the investigation made by the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department:

"In the opinion of the Chief, Daly's is probably the most insecurely built of any place of amusement in the city, and is, besides, quite old. Former official examinations have resulted in severe condemnation of various features of its construction and arrangement. Chief Gicquel, when asked last year by the Board of Fire Commissioners for his opinion of it, wrote across the back of the report returned to him the simple but expressive word, 'ROOKERY.' At an earlier date he recommended that the theatre be torn down and a new one erected in its place. As no radical changes have been made since then, the result of the present inspection could not be different from that of the former ones."

How, in the face of such a report as this, reputable newspapers can continue to advertise such a "rookery," and endeavor to induce actors and the public to risk their lives in a building which the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department declares to be notoriously unsafe and ought to be torn down, we cannot understand. For a year the proprietors and managers of this "rookery" have known of this sentence of the Fire Department, and yet the knowledge of it has been kept from the public. Now that the facts are published, any newspaper which advertises the "rookery," and any person who tries to induce the public to attend it, will be an accessory before the fact in any disaster which may occur, and will be so held and punished by the laws. It is a matter of congratulation to THE MIRROR that, for many weeks, no advertisement of this unsafe "rookery" has been permitted to sully its columns, and that our hands and our consciences are free from guilt should the "rookery" be kept open any longer, and such a horror as that of Vienna plunge the city into grief and despair.

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When Madame Janauschek appeared at the Union Square Theatre, at the opening of the season, our Giddy Gusher told a good story of how she lost and recovered her valuable jewels. Madame Janauschek evidently felt that she had lost her most valuable jewel—her metropolitan reputation—by acting in such a fiasco as Salmi Morse's play, The Doctor of Lima, and she has returned to the city and accepted an engagement at the Windsor in order to recover it. This she has done in the range of plays presented this week, in some of which she has no equal, and in all no living superior. Her programme for the week is Monday, Tuesday and Friday, Deborah; Wednesday, Bleak House; Thursday, Marie Stuart; Saturday, Macbeth; Wednesday and Saturday matinees, Mother and Son. Her company, which is very popular and perfectly rehearsed in all her plays, is the same which we saw at the Union Square, and now, as then, we give it cordially praise and recognition.

* * *

Tony Pastor produced on Monday the funniest play which the prolific Kruger has yet brought forth. It is called Charlie Duno, or the Love of a Dry Goods Clerk, and is one of those dramas impossible to describe, which must be seen to be appreciated. It will run through the holidays, and with his usual liberality, Tony backs it up with as strong a variety show as if the play were not in itself sufficient to crowd the house. The American Four, who claim to be bigger than the Big Four, and Miss St. George Hussey, named after the champion of England because she announces herself as "England's greatest artiste," are among the principal stars; but Tony himself shines like a sun. On Christmas Monday Manager Pastor will give two mammoth shows at the Academy, continuing the usual evening performance at his own handsome theatre. This is a bold stroke of enterprise; but Tony's Thanksgiving Day experiences assure him that the Academy will be overcrowded. If he were to revive the gift concerts which he gave some years ago on the Bowery, he could fill the Academy every night. No man has a larger heart or more generous hand than Tony Pastor, and nobody deserves a merrier Christmas.

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This is the season when Birch and Backus lay back and laugh at the audiences at the San Francisco Minstrels as heartily as the audiences do at them. From "standing room only" their announcements have proceeded by regular stages until "clinging room only" has been reached, and now the people are quite willing to pay to stand on the stairs and hear the Madrigal Boys sing the original music from Patience. The other parts of the entertainment are not slighted, and all the new songs are introduced in the very pleasing "First Part." There is an extra matinee on Monday, of course. Not to give it would breed rebellion. Take the children to hear Kennedy and his talking dolls, and listen to their shouts of merriment when the clever little Irish doll says: "Are yez goin' to sing? Then put me in de box!"

* * *

The Jersey City Academy of Music is now so well managed that the people of that flourishing city see some of the leading New York attractions without the trouble of crossing the ferry. This week, the Florences appeared there on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and the Rice Opera company will sing in Patience on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. This is management, and deserves success. Indeed, there is no reeson why Jersey City should not develop into as good a theatrical town as Brooklyn. Good attractions and time are all that are required to accomplish this.

The Giddy Gusher

This weather is so utterly unlike Christmas that the hemlock trees and two shilling wreaths in the grocery stores are fairly startling, they seem so out of place, and then it don't appear to me to be more than six weeks since I was cudgeling my brains for suitable gifts for friends. That is when I call to mind my struggles in crowds, with the leg of Johnny's rocking-horse in my off eye, and a wheelbarrow handle prodding me behind—those sufferings seem acute and recent. Then again, when I review the events of the last twelve months, why Christmas appears a long way off. What great a many changes in that time after all?

It's been a good year for spontaneous combustion among the traveling companies. It's been a great year for funerals; we girls have had many a picnic that way. It promises to be a great year for babies; the returns are not all in; there are several counties yet to be heard from. John Raymond selected some rattles in Chicago last week, as he said there should be "no hard feelings about there not being enough rattles to go round." And Lew Morrison is more interested in cradles just now than any other form of household furniture.

There have been some high old weddings and some gay old partings since last the bells rang in the Xmas tide.

There's been the usual share of fun, and the season finds your correspondent in great form. She's made some pleasant friends. She's more attached than ever to some old ones, and she has exploded several ancient humbugs who have masqueraded among the faithful for many and many a Christmas.

There are some folks who weep over the hypocrisy and deceit of those they have cherished and trusted, and pray they may not discover fraud—not the Gusher. If an egg ain't fresh, it's no earthly good; let's bust it and get it out of the house. Whenever there creeps into this wise head a doubt of the sincerity of an acquaintance or the love of a friend, the top comes off that person's sentiments by some hocus-pocus. The truth is out, the worst is known, and the atmosphere is clearer after the electricity passes off. It takes some such anniversary as Christmas to bring to mind the uncomfortable episodes of the year. They occupy a jolly place among Christmas memories.

With hearty good will and peace I look 'em over, and with much delight I get my little gifts en route to those I love, and set down to my Christmas plum pudding as jolly as a sandbag. Appropriate gifts are mine. No blamed sawdust-stuffed pincushions to turn the points of my friends' pins and blunt their finer affections; no No. 10 slippers for No. 14 feet, but a judicious selection of choice and necessary articles, for instance, in remembering the managers.

I, of course, sent Stetson a set of Plutarch's Lives. How he will gloat over those erudite pages.

To Abbey, a magnificent plaster of Burgundy pitch, with which to line his treasury. It will save something for old age, promptly applied.

To Wallack, a waterproof roof.

To Duff, a pair of blinders, to make the newspapers about this season pleasant reading to him.

To Palmer, a telescope, with which to discover mistakes he makes down town.

To Billy Birch and Charley Backus, a magnifying glass, with which to restore their lost rotundity.

To Haverly, Mitchell's Celestial Atlas, with localities for successful enterprise carefully marked out—a variety show in the planet. Mars will be a paying investment, and it's high time some of his traveling shows reached Saturn.

I didn't send Henderson anything. The manager and the doctor who has Patience needs no more.

I sent Tony a piece of smoked glass through which to view his last brilliant business achievements without danger to his blessed eyes.

For the professional people it is no easy task to select gifts. But a Literary Bureau, for the examination of plays, seemed a neat and appropriate present for John McCullough, more especially as it had a sausage-cutting attachment useful for manuscripts, and a carpet-beating machine annexed, just the thing to put foreign authors through.

A new version of Camille for Fanny Davenport, in which consumption is cut out, and the heroine dies of dropsy in the fifth act, just as Armand rushes on with a gross of Anti-Fat. Accompanying this judicious gift was a set of ghosts for her new presentation of Macbeth. Not only does she present Banquo, but old Duncan is hiked up. I add Charlotte Cushman and mother.

But here, my list of gifts must be continued next week. THE MIRROR, like most Xmas readers (let me hope), is plum full—only just space to wish everybody the merriest sort of a time, a tender turkey, and a tough digestion.

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

TO THE READERS OF THE MIRROR:

For several months we have penned and pencilled the current plays for your exclusive benefit. We have been asked by the Editor to resign our space for this issue to the special contributors—among others several of the fair sex. With our hands on our hearts we profoundly salaams to the dictates of courtesy, and although we had prepared some pictures and comments on a timely topic (viz: "Dramatic Cranks,") for THE CHRISTMAS MIRROR, consent to give way, for this time only, to others who are seldom found committing themselves to print. Next week we shall resume our skits, with fresh ink for Pen and a bran new Faber for Pencil, and lined with turkey and wrapped in good humor, you may expect us to do our duty like exceptionally conscientious public entertainers. With a century of "Merrys" and "Happys" condensed into one, we remain,

Yours for Truth,

PEN & PENCIL.

New York, Dec. 22, '81.

—Auburn, N. Y., boasts of a class of uncontrollable hoodlums. Recently, at a performance of Haverly's Minstrels, they became so demonstrative and unmanagable that the police were found to be ineffective in stopping their disturbance. The papers, however, paid their respects to the miscreants in no complimentary terms.

London Chat and Gossip.

LONDON, Dec. 3, 1881.

I dropped in at the Haymarket Theatre last night to witness the revival of Plot and Passion. Woe is me. I remember the original cast at the Olympic five-and twenty years ago, and never shall I forget Robson, the greatest actor of my time, in the role of Desmarets; Sam Emery, a thorough actor, playing Fouche, and Mrs. Sterling, then in her prime, giving a splendid rendition of Marie de Fontages. I suppose times have been changed and the public taste has undergone revision. Perhaps I was younger, and therefore not so exigent as now, but in listening to Plot and Passion last night, the language seemed stilted, the situations appeared inconsequent, and the whole tone of the piece had an artificial and stagey effect. The audience shared this impression, for the curtain went down "without a hand," and during the serious scenes and the love passages between Marie and Henri de Neuville there was a great deal of tittering going on n the stalls and private boxes. Arthur Cecil, who plays old gentleman and character parts very nicely, utterly missed the mark as Desmarets, and again I thought what a great hon Robson was. Cecil made the part that of a doddering, quaint old man. Fouche would never have appointed such a smug and gibbering imbecile as a confidant and co-worker. Half of the time I could not hear what he said, and when I did catch a line now and then, it was so mumbled and mangled that it lost all its significance. Ada Cavendish, who has grown stout and uninteresting, was entirely out of her element as Marie. I do not know exactly what her element is, but it's clear to me that she cannot play dramatic heroines. Perhaps she is better in comedy. She was once good in burlesque when she played Venus in Ixion at the Royalty, sixteen years ago, and to comedy she should stick if she wishes to maintain her position and hold her ground in London. The worst of it is with young (?) ladies of the Miss Cavendish pattern, as soon as they have learned their profession, and are competent to play leading roles acceptably in a stock company, they set up as "stars," and go shooting about the United States. It is no doubt marvellously pleasant to see their names in huge letters all over the American continent, side by side with "Jacob's Oil" and "Plantation Bitters"—but with all due respect to many of these ladies, and Miss Cavendish in particular, they are not strong enough for stars. A woman may possess considerable personal charms, fifty trunks full of beautiful wardrobe, no end of diamonds, and entire tons of showy posters, and yet not be a star—in the best sense of that much-abused word. But te get back to Miss Cavendish. Her Marie de Foutages was simply cold, colorless, and out of the Haymarket picture. The papers protest that her style has changed since she rampaged about America, but the critics always say that of everybody returning from the United States who play with a little more freedom and *aplomb*.

I was glad when Plot and Passion was over, for I was to see Mrs. Bancroft in A Lesson, which is taken from a little French vaudeville called Lolotte, in which Celine Chaumont made a great hit both in London and Paris. The styles of the two comediennes are wide apart, but the frame work of the story is in a measure independent of the picture it comprises. A Gallic tone, perhaps unavoidable, pervades the whole of the composition, but in view of the facilities presented to Mrs. Bancroft for again charming the patrons of burlesque, who remember the honest fun elicited by her years ago at the Strand Theatre, will not pause to consider whether Mr. Burnand has made quite as much as he might have done of the materials at his hand. The main idea of the plot might be embraced in the traditional nutshell. Lady Emily Duncan is the thoughtless wife of a Scotch banker thirty years older than herself, and who thinks more of the city than of his home. To benefit a charity, and as an excuse for passing the time, Lady Duncan consents to take part in some amateur theatricals, involving her appearance in a little drama, and as Prince Florizel in the burlesque of The Invisible Prince. It is with some difficulty she obtains her husband's consent, for as he sapiently remarks, when regarding the boy's short satin "trunks" which she is expected to wear, "Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but it will na' cover your heels." Lady Duncan has a dangerous friend in the good-looking Mr. Wentworth, who also dabbles in a little amateur acting, but so far the attachment is platonic. The parts Lady Duncan has determined to essay are among the best known of those of Kate Reeve, "of the Theatre Royal," whose photographs are in all the shop windows. Being ignorant of the meaning of certain printed "stage directions," Lady Duncan thinks it a good idea to invite Kate Reeve to her house and receive hints as to how the characters should be played. Lady Duncan entertains the usual false notions as to the habits of actresses when off the stage, and is surprised on receiving Miss Reeve, and desiring that she make herself "quite at home," to find that she does not care for lunch, and has no affection for champagne or cigarettes. Her astonishment is increased on realizing that the actress is an eminently practical person, not afraid of hard work, and that she is married to a gentleman of good family, who has reasons for keeping the union secret for a time. Miss Reeve is willing to assist Lady Duncan, who is the mildest of amateurs, endeavoring to instruct her in the attitude and emphasis proper to the delivery of certain lines. After some hints on stage-walking, etc., the versatile Miss Reeve gathers up her skirts, and, donning a man's hat, sings a ditti of familiar pattern concerning "Prince Lardy Da," and afterwards executes a "breakdown." With what fascination of manner, enjoyable spirit, and good-humored alacrity Mrs. Bancroft goes through the mock rehearsal, can be guessed by those persons blessed with a memory taking them back to the days of "Kenilworth" and the "Maid and the Magpie," when Marie Wilton was the coquine par excellence of burlesque. The remainder of the piece may be briefly told. The abrupt entry of Mr. Wentworth discloses the fact that he is "Miss Reeve's" husband. But Sir Thomas Duncan entering almost immediately afterwards, the actress spares the lady amateur, and leaves the house with the errant Wentworth. Except in the few serious sentences at the climax, there is, irrespective of the drollery of the rehearsal, a quiet humor throughout Mrs. Bancroft's performance, very prominently marked, being the sense of advantage and self-control when observing the confession experienced by the lady who had intended to patronize the actress and heroines so quickly disconcerted.

The case of Scott vs. Sampson came before Justices Field and Cane, sitting in banc in the Queen's Bench, yesterday. It was, as will be remembered, an action for libel which was tried before Lord Coleridge and a special jury. The plaintiff, Clement Scott, is a dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, and the defendant, Mr. Sampson, is the editor and publisher of the *Referee*, in which the alleged libel was published. Mr. Wills, Q. C., now moved on behalf of the defendant for a rule nisi for a new trial on the grounds that the verdict was against the weight of evidence, and that the damages were excessive, and also on the ground of improper reception, and rejection of evidence and misdirection as to the nature of the libel. During the application the learned counsel handed the judges a copy of Scott's magazine, *The Theatre*, and asked them to look at the illustrations, such as a *cafe chantant*, a scene at the Alhambra, and say if they represented fine art, the love of which was Admiral Carr Glyn's only excuse for embarking his money in such a publication. His (Mr. Wills) case was that Clement Scott had used his position as a critic, and his knowledge of circumstances, to obtain this money from Admiral Carr Glyn. What he also complained of was that Clement Scott got actresses to advertise themselves in his magazine, because he was the critic of the *Telegraph*, and could use his position to their disadvantage if they happened to displease him. The learned counsel having concluded, their lordships reserved judgment.

Violet Cameron got a terrific blast of free advertising of a certain kind the past week. Lefroy, the assassin, who was hanged two days ago, protested that he once secretly murdered a man, a Lieutenant Roper, because he had spoken lightly of Miss Cameron. He also said he was very much in love with this young lady himself, and many people believed he was married to her. It turns out that she did not know him personally, and all his talk about the mascotte of the Panton Street Theatre was sheer bold lying. He once laid a trap to lure her to a railway station, but happily she bowled out the scheme as she was preparing to start. The Lefroy episode has brought Miss Violet quite into vogue among the sensation mongers, all of whom followed this curious murder case with morbid eagerness. Miss Cameron pretends to be greatly shocked at her name being bandied about in the criminal courts, but she'll survive it bravely. She is troubled with over sensibility or excess of delicacy. She the young lady who, when a letter comes for her at the stage door, feels it thoroughly before she opens it, to ascertain whether it contains any *souvenir*—maybap a little piece of jewelry, or some trifle of that sort. Her mind, so her comrades say, runs very much in the direction of "loot" from her admirers.

Engaged has made a fair hit at the Court Theatre, with H. J. Byron in the principal character. I hope the business will pick up now that George Coleman (Coley) has been appointed acting manager. He is a clever little fellow, with the manners of a prince and the industry of a beaver. He was formerly at the Olympic and Covent Garden, and he knows every outside move on the theatrical board.

The Strand Theatre is to be pulled down in March, and it will be rebuilt on a large scale, and on a plan combining all modern improvements.

Tell all of your singing readers to get their booksellers to send to England for a copy of a very able work, "Dramatic Singing Physiologically Estimated, by Walter Hayle Walshe, M. D." Then let them read it with great care, and profit by the words of wisdom it contains. It is the cleverest book of the kind I have ever perused, and to vocalists it will be invaluable.

HOWARD PAUL.

The Musical Mirror.

The concert of the Arion Gesang-Verein given at Steinway Hall on last Saturday presented four very noticeable features, namely: the overture to Oberon by Carl Maria von Weber, the Cantique de Noel by Adolphe Adam, and Brindisi from Lucretia Borgia, sung by Mme. Zeiss, the Glee Am Arensee by the Arion chorus, and the concert piece for piano by Reinecke, played by Miss Florence Copleston. The overture was very well performed indeed, the horn solo, with which it begins, being especially well done, both as regards purity of tone, delicacy of expression and beauty of crescendo. If there was, here and there, a slight wavering in the time it was attributable to the nervous stringency of the conducting, which was too jerky and anxious to serve as a reliable guide to a large body of men. An officer, be he a leader of troops, crews or bands; be he a soldier, a sailor, or a musician, must be self-possessed, must be *sure* of what he would have, and determined to have it. He must likewise possess moral weight and magnetic force, or he can never hope to sway his followers to his will. This weight Dr. Damrosch seems to us to lack. He is an intelligent, refined, poetical conductor, but not a practical one. Were it possible to fuse two men into one, we should imagine that Damrosch and Thomas, thoroughly welded, would make the ideal music director, for, one having what the other lacks, the two, being united, would form a perfect whole. The beautiful but hackneyed sacred song, Noel, which breathes the very soul of triumphant acclamation, and shows what can be done for true effect with the verysimplest combinations of harmony when used by the hand of genius, was gloriously sung by Madame Caroline Zeiss, who made her first appearance in New York on this occasion. Madame Zeiss was rather coldly received on her entrance, the Teutonic minds of her audience being evidently prejudiced against a Frenchwoman, even although her name had a Germanic ring in it that might have softened their hearts. However, the coldness was not destined to endure. It melted away before the fervid strains of her splendid voice and impassioned declamation like hoar frost before the morning sun, and a triple recall testified the delight and approval of the hearers. In the Brindisi, from Lucrezia Borgia, Madame Zeiss carried away the audience to such an extent that she was compelled to return twice, and forced to repeat the song an equal number of times. Her voice is a full mezzo-soprano of extraordinary compass, reaching from the lower E flat to the B flat in alt, and even taking the high C if put to it; her vocalism is perfect, her scale singing as smooth and distinct as if each note were a finely-cut crystal, and her "messa di voce" of the very best school. True, as every jewel has a flaw somewhere, her unaccompanied shake on the first occasion was a trifle too close, and sensibly flattened towards the close, but on the repetition of the Brindisi it was the most perfect trill we have heard for many a day. As a prima donna di mezzo soprano, Madame Zeiss must of necessity take the foremost place in America, for the very simple reason that there is none to compare with her. The glee "Am Arensee," by the Swedish composer, Lindblad, is a charming composition, and was charmingly sung. Conductor and choir seemed to put their very hearts into their work, and the outcome was most touching and beautiful. Florence Copleston's playing of Reinecki's concert piece was an artistic and conscientious study, scarcely, perhaps, quite up to concert pitch as yet, but giving a fair promise for the future. The piece itself is neither more nor less than a clear, well-made fantasy on a very pretty and tuneful melody of the hornpipe type, grateful to the ear and not overtaxing to the comprehension. Rietz's pretentious "Dithyramb," set to Schiller's immortal poem, was an instance of how a grand poem may be marred by a muddle headed Dutchman putting his own conventional, machine-made music to it, without melody, meaning or comprehension from the first bar to the last. Mr. Arnod has very little tone on the fiddle, but executes the *delicatessen*, to borrow a phrase from the grocers, rather deftly. Mr. Remmertz had a cold, thank heaven, and therefore saved us from the infliction of hearing Handel's great air sung like a chorus singer. Why does not Mr. Remmertz take singing lessons and learn to close his upper tones? At present his singing is as the bawling of a fish vendor who lauds the characters of deceased mackerel on the public streets. We did not stay for "Heinrich der Vogler," by Fromm, the title thereof being too terrifying to endure at a late hour.

* * *

The concert for the benefit of the widow and family of the late Rudolph Bial, a man who in his lifetime did good service to his art, was but thinly attended, the *dilettanti* (?) preferring to go to the opposition concert given by Col. Mapleson, with questionable taste and unquestionable lack of professional brotherhood. Theodore Thomas and his unrivalled band played the "Allegro" and the "Funeral March of a Hero," from Beethoven's grand Sinfonia Eroica, as they only can play it. The first fiddles drew their bows as one man—in fact, the sound was as though one fiddler of preternatural tone and giant power was playing the part all by himself, such was the unanimity of tone and solidarity of style. The same remark applies to all the stringed instruments; as for the violoncelli, their tone was so delightful that an enthusiastic friend of ours was moved to exclaim, "Thank Heaven for violoncellos!" The wind, both brass and reeds, attained a smoothness and levelness, so to speak, most comfortable to listen to, and, in sober truth, we cannot well see in what the performers of the glorious music could have been bettered. The "Mephisto Waltz," arranged by that clever scorer, but most eccentric musician, Liszt, is a wild jumble of incongruities very nasty to hear, even though admirably and wonderfully played by the band, which performed deeds of daring worthy of a better subject. The "Ballet of Sylvia," on the contrary, is full of charm. The horns were beautifully played in the movement, "Les Chasseresses," revealing glimpses of woodland glades and trains of courtly ladies in the "merrie greenwood" of old. The "Pizzicati" was a marvel of neat execution, and the harpist deserves a laurel crown for his excellent playing. In the Cortege de Bacchus the tone of the full band was glorious, and in the overture to Rienzi we were fully persuaded that in no part of the globe could more complete justice be done to the great broad themes and wonderful dissolving harmonies of the master, who is so unapproachable in his own style, and therefore so wearisomely imitated by inferior bodies who seek to shine by reflected light, having none of their own wherewith to scintilate. Mme. Zeiss repeated her triumph of the previous evening, and added to her rapidly-rising fame by the magnificent giving forth of Meyerbeer's grand declamation from the Prophet, "Oh Pretres de Baal," which she delivered with a breadth of tone and a power of musical elocution that raised a storm of enthusiasm, and caused her to receive a true ovation. We congratulate ourselves on having been the first to bring before public notice this admirable artist who came amongst us utterly unheralded, and has leaped at a bound to the pinnacle of fame by sheer merit and with no "boosting" from press or agents. We having heard Mme. Zeiss in Paris, New Orleans and San Francisco aforetime, knew what she could do, and were not afraid to prophecy her success, which has justified our prognosis. We can assure the critics and managers of this somewhat self-opinionated town, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *their* philosophy," and more singers than the hackneyed lot who are at present "in the swim."

* * *

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, which is substantially the same as the New York Philharmonic Society, gave a good concert on Saturday last. Schumann's symphony in E flat, a work of great excellence, was given smoothly, evenly and dully—a mechanical performance of a poetical work, a flower in porcelain. In the chorus and recitavi from Gluck's "Alceste," Signor Galassi was very fine, the choral part being only middling. Galassi also made a deep impression in the great baritone scene from Wagner's Flying Dutchman, an effort in which no one can approach him. Berlioz's duet from Beatrice and Benedick was scored like a master, composed like a *dilettante*, sang like a funeral, and accompanied like an angel.

* * *

We have heard beforetime of a singing mouse, but a singing dog we never did meet till last week, when being at the house of Mme. Carolina Zeiss, the newly-arrived contralto, we heard a little black-and tan terrier set up his voice and cantate most sonorously, on being asked to sing; likewise, when his mistress desired him to trill, he did so to order, like Patti herself. The dog evidently considered himself a vocalist of the first class; in fact, the canine "assoluta" in question sang very much better than some we could name, who call themselves no "small beer of *cantatrici*. The dog would make a fortune on the concert platform, and is well worthy the attention of Major Pond or Rullman. Herr Rullman's proteges do not seem to hit it at Her Majesty's. None of the new "attractions" which that enterprising gentleman has engaged Col. Mapleson have "caught on." The doughty Colonel had better look about for talent, and not content himself with spying through Rullman's object glass any longer.

* * *

Florence Coplestone's pianoforte recitals are worthily marked by the superior character of the music given thereat, and Florence Coplestone is a worthy exponent of the good music. She is a pianist who knows the inner meaning of what she plays, and not a mere prestidigitator who employs ivory keys instead of brazen balls as a means of displaying dexterity of wrist and finger. Florence Coplestone is an artist. What can we say more?

* * *

The "prisoned choir" at the Madison Square Theatre discourses most eloquent music, but the intervals between the acts are so short that a few bars is all there is time to play. However, what we do have is very pretty, and a little of what is good is better than a great deal of what is bad. There is just enough to make us wish for more.

* * *

Miss Jenny Claus, one of the best of female violinists, is in town, and will shortly make her appearance as a soloist at the Philharmonic Society, after which she will make a tour of the provinces.

The Dramatic Thieves.

We have received notification this week from correspondents of the appearance in their respective vicinities of several more dramatic thieves. The first comes from Topeka, Kansas, and the company is called the "Hasenwinkle Dramatic company, supporting the charming and brilliant young actress, Miss Tillie Stephany." This party are playing Annie Pixley's M'liss. A programme gives the cast, which is identical in the names of the characters to those of Miss Pixley's piece. This is as flagrant an any piracy we have so far heard of.

Tillie Stephany and Ella Salisbury are presumably the same person. C. A. Hasenwinkle is the manager. They performed at Topeka, December 15.

Our Lincoln (Nebraska) representative reports the appearance there of Dick Oglesby, former comedian of the Florence Herbert troupe, in a lot of variety "hash" in the shape of a variety entertainment, under the title of The Troubadours. This is simply a theft of the name of a well known and reputable organization.

Our Owego reporter writes: "The Sterling Comedy company and May Roberts are one and the same, and it was this lady who played Hazel Kirke here, and not the Heath crowd."

Jay Simms' Dramatic company, supporting Minnie Castle, with C. W. Taylor as business manager, advertise Hazel Kirke in the provinces.

A company calling itself the "Fifth Avenue company," with Constance Mariella as star, according to our Providence correspondent, play three nights this week in that city.

Another glaring, wholesale piracy has just come to our notice. We have received a "hanger" of the "Standard Comedy company," in which J. Al. Sawtelle and Genevieve Sawtelle figure as the stars, and announcing "a repertoire of standard comedies and society successes, among which will be found The Danites, or Life in the Sierras, a beautiful realistic drama by D'Ennery, entitled The Galley Slave (sic), or A Celebrated Case, Wallack's great success entitled Child of the State, and the elegant society creation of the day, Hazel Kirke." It will be seen that Sawtelle (presumably the manager, although no one is named in that capacity on the bill, L. W. Townley appearing as business agent) is about to slaughter the whole catalogue of modern successes, and makes no bones about letting the public know it. The hanger was printed by Pilkin and Cruver, rear 119 Clark street, Chicago, but bears no date, or makes no mention of where the "Standard Comedy company" is to play. They are probably about to barnstorm in the Southwest.

Meadville Opera House, Pa.

Owing to misrepresentations made by some Circuit managers, this Opera House has nothing booked during the holidays or the month of January. Everything that has visited Meadville this season has done large business. Will play first-class attractions on percentage, or rent, *but none but first-class attractions need apply.*
—*Com.* H. M. RICHMOND, Manager.

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The Elmira ADVERTISER says: Bertha Welby, the wronged wife, does some really very artistic acting in her portrayal of the character.

The Bradford ERA says: The character of Justine found an admirable and finished impersonation at the hands of Miss Bertha Welby.

Bradford STAR: Bertha Welby did excellent work as Justine and received bountiful applause. Her costumes were beautiful and in excellent taste.

Thos. Keene, of the Buffalo COURIER, says: Bertha Welby did most excellent work as Justine, the Farmer's Daughter. Her personation is a singularly brilliant one.

The Adrian RECORD says: Last evening's presentation of the Farmer's Daughter for the third time at the Opera House was a grand and continued success. The public of Adrian is well aware that the Record has never hesitated to express its opinion, good or bad, concerning a dramatic entertainment. When it says, therefore, that a better play of its class has never been given to the people of this city, its expression may be taken for a candid one. Nor have the public lacked in appreciation. Fine houses have greeted each performance. We desire to day to speak particularly of Miss Bertha Welby as the Farmer's Daughter. The appreciation and delight of the public in her acting was great from the moment of her first appearance. However, with each successive presentation she has grown in favor, and we believe the admiration for her in this city is thorough and complete. There is a sweet and charming truthfulness to nature in all her conduct and manner. As an actress she is a success in the full sense of the word. It would give us great pleasure to review her attainments as an artiste more at length if our time and space would permit.

The Adrian TIMES: Miss Welby as Justine, the Farmer's Daughter, completely fills the character. Confiding, pure and faithful.

Kalamazoo TELEGRAPH: The company is a very good one all through. The Justine of Miss Welby is deserving of special mention.

Grand Rapids TIMES: Sharing the honors of the evening was Miss Bertha Welby, who took the role of Justine, the Farmer's Daughter. She sustained the part of the devoted and injured wife in a manner to win much admiration from the audience. The part is a strong one and she did it full justice.

Toledo BEE: Miss Bertha Welby won the admiration of the audience in her perfect and natural action of the wronged wife and drew forth rounds of applause from the delighted audience.

The Jackson PATRIOT says: In the hands of Miss Bertha Welby, Justine, the wife, the honest, straight forward and loving woman, true herself and expecting it of others, was portrayed in a wonderfully natural manner, and Miss Welby was twice given especial tokens of the appreciation of the audience, and fully deserved them, for her work showed much study and a thorough conception of the character and ability to portray it.

Battle Creek TIMES: Miss Bertha Welby is a lady well known as a careful and conscientious artiste, and, as the Farmer's Daughter, made a most marked and pleasing impression.

Bay City CALL: Bertha Welby was fine in all situations and magnificent in the anathema business.

East Saginaw COURIER: Miss Bertha Welby bore the honors of the evening, sustaining the character of the devoted and injured wife in a manner to win the heartiest approbation of the audience.

Port Huron ADVOCATE: Bertha Welby, suffering from a severe cold, gave a charming and thoroughly finished impersonation of Justine. Her pathos was profound in those scenes which called for a full expression of that feeling, and her power in declamation was strong and magnetic. She was repeatedly applauded, and at one point in the performance was presented with a couple of bouquets.

Detroit FREE PRESS: The Justine of Bertha Welby won the sympathy. She, too, is addicted to costumic magnificence.

Detroit POST AND TRIBUNE: Bertha Welby conceived the character of Justine justly and truly.

Detroit CHAFF: Miss Bertha Welby is a strong favorite with the audience.

Toronto MAIL says: Miss Bertha Welby, a favorite with Toronto audiences as she is doubtless elsewhere, appeared in the role of Justine, the Farmer's Daughter. In many respects the character is as difficult of effective portrayal as is that of Mme. Laurent. An actress of ordinary ability would fail to give proper effect to the outbursts of passion and jealous feeling by which Justine is supposed to be swayed, and the result of incapacity to reach the necessary height in certain scenes would be disastrous to the whole impersonation. Miss Welby, however, proved herself quite equal to the task which the role imposed, and her success was indicated again and again by spontaneous outbursts of applause.

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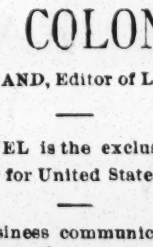

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